The Nation.

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The Week.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S message is a model of sound common sense on the money question. It presents the plain truth to the two houses of Congress, and places upon them the responsibility of action for the rescue of the country from its present deep affliction. He does not mince matters at all. He tells the Senators and Representatives that the present trouble has come about from a loss of confidence in the standard of value, and that the only way to restore confidence is to assure our own people and the world in general that we intend to pay our debts now and always in the money recognized by civilized nations. If there be any chance of enthroning silver as a money metal without dethroning gold at the same time, he says that it can be done only by international action, and that such action is postponed, if not defeated, by our attempt to do the whole work ourselves. There is no suggestion of compromise in the message, no project for a substitute for the Sherman Law. On the contrary, the recommendation is for absolute repeal. The reform of the tariff is touched upon as a measure which will hereafter profitably engage the attention of Congress, but for the present the President declares the financial question paramount and above all party considerations. There is a suggestion at the close of the message that further steps may be necessary to enable the Government to keep its existing silver currency at par with gold, but there is no specific recommendation to that effect. The message as a whole is well conceived. It can hardly fail to stir the country and bring a sharp return-stroke of public opinion upon Congress.

The canvasses of the Senate and House which the *Herald* and the *World* published on Tuesday are very reassuring. The *Herald's* canvass shows 39 Senators for unconditional repeal of the Sherman Law, 20 for conditional repeal, 14 opposed to repeal, and 10 non-committal. This is only six short of a majority for unconditional repeal. According to the same paper's canvass, the House has 137 members openly in favor of unconditional repeal, 125 in favor of conditional repeal, 24 non-committal, and 16 opposed. The *World's* canvass of the House shows 143 members in favor of unconditional repeal, 84 for conditional repeal, and 91 non-committal. This is 36 short of a majority for unconditional repeal, but it is large enough to confirm the general belief that the House will pass the repeal measure by a safe majority. The significant feature of the canvasses of both houses is the small number of those who are willing to stand openly against unconditional repeal. The weight of numbers is on the side of repeal, and as public sentiment is overwhelmingly on the same side, the inevitable tendency of the vacillating members will be in that direction.

The bimetallists will probably be encouraged by the speech of Mr. Balfour, the Tory leader in the House of Commons, who has at last pronounced in favor of the double standard. They should bear in mind, however, that what Mr. Balfour means is international bimetallism, and that the only way to make that effective is for the United States to stop buying silver and stop trying to go it alone. All the instructed bimetallists in the world agree on this point. Gen. Francis A. Walker, President Andrews, and S. Dana Horton in this country, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Houldsworth in England, Mr. Cernuschi in France, and Mr. Allard in Belgium are all at one upon this subject. Most of them have been urging the suspension of silver purchases by the United States ever since the experiment was begun in 1878. They believe that the stoppage of silver purchases here would put a pressure on the countries of Europe—and especially on England—so severe that the latter country would be the first to call for an international monetary conference. It would be well worth while to try that experiment, even if there were no other reasons for repealing the Sherman Law. In no other way can the services of Mr. Balfour as an auxiliary to the silver cause be made available. If Mr. Bland and his dwindling cohorts do not pursue this policy, it is because they are not really in favor of bimetallism, but are in favor of the single standard of silver. That this is what Mr. Bland individually favors was made very clear by his sneering article in the *North American Review* a few months ago on the Brussels Conference. We observe that Mr. Bland is still confident that the Sherman Law will not be repealed unless a free-coinage bill at the ratio of 16 to 1 is passed simultaneously.

Almost all predictions of the length of time that the existing commercial depression will continue are based on comparison with the depressed period which the country last experienced, namely, the one beginning in 1873. We have pointed out some of the differences between the conditions existing then and now, prominent among which was the great inflation of business during and immediately after the war, an inflation which finds no counterpart in recent years. Nothing can bring this out more clearly than a comparative statement of the transactions of the Clearing-house in this city, which are accessible for a long period. In 1861, the year of Lincoln's first inauguration, the clearings amounted to $5,915,742,758. In 1866 they had increased to $28,717,146,914. By 1873, the advance had gone on until the total amounted to $35,461,052,826. The effect of the hard times was shown in a reduction of these figures in 1876 to $24,597,274,247. With the return of confidence there was again an increase, and in 1881 the total amounted to $48,565,812,212. In 1885 the total ran down to $25,250,791,440, and in 1892 it had advanced again only to $36,279,905,236. We find, therefore, that, in the period from 1861 to 1873, there was an increase in the clearings amounting to about 700 per cent., while the increase in the year 1892 as compared with 1873—covering a period of almost twenty years—amounted to only 2 1-3 per cent., and is a gain of only 70 per cent. over the depressed year 1876. This comparison, after making allowance for the premium on gold in 1873, ought to go a good way towards allaying the fears of those persons who have been declaring that the country must be as long in recovering now from a "period of inflation" as it was after the collapse of 1873. It also goes a good way towards proving that what is the matter with the country now is a nervous fright, added to the natural effects of our silver legislation, and not any deep-seated disease.

One of the earliest acts of Congress should be the passage of a law authorizing the issue of gold certificates of any denomination, from one dollar upwards. In no other way can the gold now coming to us from Europe be put into convenient form for circulation. As the law now stands, no gold certificates can be issued smaller than $20. The result is, that very few of them are ever seen except in banks or in passing from one bank to another. There never was any reason for restricting them to high denominations except in order to give the field of circulation to silver certificates. But the Treasury notes issued under the Sherman Act of 1890 are of all denominations from one dollar upwards, and these are redeemable in gold. So if there were any reason at first for giving the field of lower denominations to silver certificates, the spell has been broken. There is an additional reason for having gold certificates of small denominations, and that is to familiarize the sense of the common people with gold. Let them read the four letters composing that word on their paper currency occasionally. It will inspire confidence, and will be part of a good education.

In no way do the three crazy Governors of the West—Waite and Pennoyer and

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Lewelling—more conclusively show the nature of their lunacy than in their insistence that the "legal-tender quality" of silver dollars should be "restored." This is nothing but the "pure ignorance" of Dr. Johnson. The legal-tender quality of silver dollars does not need to be restored, as it is already established by law. If the three Governors have found anybody foolish enough to lend them money, they can pay off their debts in silver dollars with no law to hinder or make them afraid. When they say legal tender, however, they mean making fifty cents, by resolution of Congress, equal in value to one dollar. That is a kind of legal tender which never existed, as regards silver, and never will be restored.

The result of the queer silver convention at Chicago last week was a set of resolutions which consisted mostly of preamble, the proportion of the latter to the former being about as six to one. The preamble consisted largely of falsehoods that have been many times exposed. The one relating to Ernest Seyd is repeated. This notable bimetallist is charged with the crime of bribing an American Congress to vote for monometallism. To criticise the resolutions is quite impossible. The speeches were in keeping with them. Gov. Waite of Colorado delivered his lecture on the "sea of blood," which had already accomplished such wonders in the way of closing banks in Denver. This achievement appears to have made some little impression on the Committee on Resolutions, since we find, instead of the usual demand for the abolishment of banks, a mere request that they "attend to their legitimate business," although no attempt is made to show what their legitimate business is. Their legitimate business is the payment of their depositors' checks, and they are prevented from doing so by panic-breeders of the school of Waite, Warner, and Donnelly. The effect of this Convention, so far as it has any, will probably be to hasten the repeal of the Silver-Purchase Law.

The figures concerning the values of our importations furnished by the Government during the last fiscal year, which were recently reported to be in error to the extent of $40,000,000, prove upon further investigation to be still more incorrect. Mr. Ford, the Chief of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, now announces that the discrepancy is probably $75,000,000, the excess of the value of imports over that of exports for the last fiscal year not being $93,650,000, but only $18,000,000. The cause of the blunder was the entering of imports from countries having depreciated currencies at their value in those currencies instead of at their gold value. Prior to February, 1892, it was the practice of our consuls to issue to merchants shipping goods to this country not only a consular invoice, but also a certificate showing the gold value of the goods described in the invoice. This certificate was a convenience to the customs officers here in assessing ad-valorem duties, but as it was not necessary for that purpose in the case of goods not subject to duty or subject only to specific duty, a protest against it was finally made by an importer. The protest was referred by the Department of State to the Treasury Department, and, the Treasury reporting that, in the case of imports free of duty or subject to specific duty these certificates were not needed, the Department of State issued a circular to all consuls abolishing these "currency certificates," as they were called, in the case of all such importations. This circular was issued, it seems, in February, 1892, and the errors of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics date from that time.

It is, of course, a gratifying thing to find that the foreign trade of the country is in a more satisfactory condition than had been supposed, and we may say at least that the blunder would have been worse had it been discovered at this time to be upon the other side. This, however, is an extremely short-sighted view to take of the matter. No one can tell how far this blunder has contributed to the alarm which has pervaded the financial world. One of the phenomena preceding the panic of 1873 was the large excess of imports over exports, and it is not to be supposed that our bankers and those of other countries disregarded the heavy adverse balance of trade. On the contrary, they watched it with the gravest concern, and it was very generally inferred from it, in connection with the gold exports, that European investors were not putting their money out in this country or were selling their American securities; the natural result of the inference being that American investors wanted to do the same thing. It was well understood that the Silver Law was a sufficient cause for the phenomena, but the excess of imports was also a sufficient cause. The elimination of the latter cause leaves the responsibility where, according to all available indications, it belongs, and adds overwhelmingly to the weight of the argument for repeal.

The revival of talk of cholera, which seems scarcely justified by the circumstances, gives an interest to the figures concerning immigration recently published by the Bureau of Statistics. In spite of cholera, quarantine and the threatened exclusion of all immigrants, over half a million of them entered the country in the year ending June 30, 1893, to say nothing of the large number coming from or through Canada. It is true that in the previous year the number was considerably larger, 623,000, but the decrease was no more than has taken place before when no "cholera scare" existed. In 1890-'91 the figures were 560,000, in 1889-'90 they were 455,000, and in 1888-'89 nearly the same. But in 1885 '86 they were but 334,000, while in 1886-'87 they were 490,000. The cholera reduced the number of immigrants very much in September, October, and November, but after that the numbers rose until in May there came 95,000, or 3,000 more than in May of last year. The *Financial Chronicle* calls attention to the extraordinary increase in the immigration from Italy. In the year just closed there arrived 72,000 Italian immigrants, or 10,000 more than in the previous year. Prior to 1890 only 388,000 of this nationality are reported as having landed on our shores, while since that time their number has been 210,000 Much the same is true of Russia and Austria-Hungary, while from all other countries the immigration is falling off, notably so from Germany. But possibly some of the classifications would bear examination.

The *Tribune* printed on Friday a long talk with a Tammany "collector" who frankly described the method by which the "organization" levies blackmail upon business houses and corporations in this city. The account is antecedently probable, and bears the marks of truthfulness. It is in perfect keeping with instances which have come to our own knowledge. Of course the great trouble is that no names are mentioned. The men who privately inform us of the way Tammany has compelled them to pay tribute always insist that their identity shall be concealed, lest a worse thing befall them. If men could be found courageous enough to expose the villany, there might be some hope of ending it. Now, why will not the *Tribune* help in bringing the evil out into the daylight by printing the names of some of those "Republican business men and heads of corporations" who, it says, "do not turn these collectors away empty-handed"? With its great influence with the men of its own party, and with the opportunity of striking such a blow at Tammany, it surely could find some Republican head of a corporation who would frankly tell how much he had paid, and under what circumstances, for "protection." The fact that so many men unquestionably do lie down under Tammany domination, and pay their blackmail year by year, is one of the best arguments to show that we really have as good a city government as we deserve. We reserve all our enthusiasm for Hampden fighting the ship money, and have none left to make us resist the "stand and deliver" of our own Tammany tyrants.

The opening of the Corinth Canal, which took place on Sunday with imposing ceremonies, is one of the milestones of the world's progress. The work of cutting a passage for ships across the Corinthian

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Isthmus was first undertaken by the Emperor Nero, the traces of his work being still visible when the present canal was begun on the identical site of the old one. The canal which is now open has been under construction nine years, or eleven, if we count the two years in which work was suspended by reason of the bankruptcy of the French company which first undertook it. This bankruptcy was one of the consequences of the great copper speculation headed by M. Secrétan. The copper syndicate pulled down the Comptoir d'Escompte, which pulled down the canal company. The work, after an interval of two years, was resumed by a Greek company, whose labors have now been brought to a successful close. It remains to be seen whether the canal will pay interest on its cost. All commerce passing between Adriatic ports and those of the Aegean and Black Seas, including Constantinople, will naturally use this new route, which saves about forty-eight hours' steaming. Ships from Mediterranean ports farther west, which pass around the southern coast of Italy, will save only eight hours by taking the canal, but they will save some very heavy gales of wind which frequently blow around Cape Malia. The canal is really a stupendous work, for although it is only four miles long, the cutting has a depth of 265 feet at its highest point. The engineering genius of this enterprise has been the Garibaldian Gen. Stephen Türr, a native of Hungary.

The new French tariff appears to be working much more to the gratification of protectionists than is our own, which has sadly disappointed its framers in the amount of importations which take place under it. But in France the imports, which, in the first six months of 1891 under the old tariff, were 2,292,000,000 francs, fell during the corresponding period of 1893 under increased duties to 2,049,000,000 francs. At the same time the exports rose from 1,697,000,000 francs to 1,701,000,000 francs. It is true that this is not much of a gain in exports, but a substantial check was given to the unpatriotic business of importation. Unfortunately the imports of manufactures continue to be nearly as large as before, while the diminution takes place in the food products. Then when drought comes and gives a genuine protection to agriculture by raising the prices of food, a pernicious demand for suspending the duties upon such products is raised, and the agriculturist is remorselessly exposed to foreign competition. Still, the cause of protection is strong in France, and those who remember Bastiat's celebrated petition of the chandlers and lamp-makers of Paris for the exclusion of sunlight will be amused to learn that the Budget Committee in the Chamber of Deputies have approved a bounty to the producers of mineral oil from French shale, as well as a larger one to the makers of lamp-oil from colza seed.

The critical phase of the Siamese difficulty is apparently at an end. There may be squabbles about details, and the London and Paris newspapers may continue to snarl at each other for some time, but there no longer seems to be danger of serious trouble, at least for the present. The French have got much of what they wanted, the English have escaped what they most feared, and who cares for the Siamese? The whole incident is of the kind that naturally takes place every now and then between Powers with colonial aspirations; and though a good deal of bad blood has been stirred up, this would gradually disappear, and the relations would be as friendly, or as little unfriendly, as before, if there were no grounds for new incidents of the same sort. Unfortunately, there is plenty of reason to expect fresh disputes between France and England in the near future. Whoever hopes for really good feeling between the two nations must find the outlook most discouraging. Not only is the general and traditional jealousy between them still active, but all over the world their interests collide, often giving rise to questions which, if now latent, may any day become acute.

Looking at only the chief ones, we see that in eastern Asia Bangkok will henceforth be a regular battleground of English and French diplomacy, while the efforts to tap and monopolize the trade of southern China will be increasingly vigorous. In Oceania the joint protectorate of the New Hebrides works poorly, and cannot last for ever. In America the situation in Newfoundland is slowly but surely becoming worse; on one side we have admitted hardship, on the other clear treaty rights. In the interior of Africa no attempt has yet been made to divide the Hinterland of the Gold Coast and Dahomey or the whole enormous region between Lake Chad and the Nile; the ambitions of the two claimants hopelessly conflict, and the treaties that have been concluded are interpreted in widely different ways. But it is in and about the Mediterranean that the rivalry is most intense. Great Britain looks askance at Tunis, patronizes the Italians and their fleet, and suspects French designs in Syria. France stirs up the Sultan to protest against the occupation of Egypt, to which the French seem as little likely to get reconciled as the English are to abandon it. All of these questions are difficult; many of them must be settled in some way before long; any one of them can easily become dangerous. Although the chances are greatly in favor of a peaceful solution in each particular case, their number and the repeated irritation which they will provoke justify much anxiety.

The complete canvass of the vote cast in the recent elections of Germany leaves the Social Democrats in the lead with about 1,700,000 votes—a gain of some 300,000 over their highest previous record. The Centre party come next, casting in round numbers 1,200,000 votes, a loss of 70,000. Then come the Conservatives with 980,000, a gain of 100,000, and the National Liberals with 960,000, a loss of 200,000. The anti-Semitic vote took on enormous proportions, amounting to 340,000, a gain of 300,000. It is to be hoped that this great vote for a stupid and disgraceful prejudice is largely artificial; indeed, it was reported at the time of the elections that many voters cast their ballots for anti-Semitic candidates mainly as a means of expressing their disgust with their own parties. But we shall expect to see Ahlwardt and Stoecker pointing to the great increase in the vote of their party as their sufficient justification and endorsement. One net result of the whole campaign was still further to break up party strength into fragments, making the task of government more and more one of arranging "deals" among the almost endless political groups. This continued cleavage into smaller party sections is one of the unhealthy political developments of both France and Germany, and is something which England and the United States have happily been saved from.

The copyright treaty which was negotiated between France and Brazil in January, 1891, has failed of ratification by the Brazilian Congress. The Brazilian newspapers, with but few exceptions, were against it, alleging various arguments in opposition to it, but scarcely concealing their single substantial argument, which was that it would compel them to give up their almost daily pillaging of French writers. The committee of Congress which brought in a report against ratifying the treaty was franker on this point, saying: "Our journalism, which is the main factor of popular instruction, would be deprived of the inexhaustible source whence it seeks the material necessary to the fulfilment of its civilizing and patriotic mission." This is a "hoight of foine language" to apply to the process of butchering French books to make a Brazilian holiday. The committee, in fact, went beyond the terms of the treaty in hand, to denounce, in general, the practice of negotiating treaties between two countries not equal in power and population. "Treaties as a rule are of advantage only to the strong nations, serving them as a pretext, thanks to the niceties of interpretation which they keep in reserve, to override the most elementary principles of international law, and to subject weak nations to humiliations." This is a curious inversion of the profound theory of international trade cherished by some of our most eminent protectionist minds, that a small country trading with a large one was sure to get rich at the latter's expense.

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THE EXTRA SESSION OF 1837.

THE American Congress has been convened in extra session ten times since 1789, but none of these meetings on the summons of the President bears so close a resemblance to the one that began in Washington on Monday as the Congress which met on September 4, 1837. Then, as now, it was widespread financial depression which led the Executive to convoke Congress in extra session. In 1837, as in 1893, the President was reluctant to call Congress together at an unusual time; in that year, as in the present, it was only his perception that he must place the responsibility where it ultimately belonged that led to the decision to take the important step. Further, and most instructive of all, the measures which Van Buren urged upon the Twenty-fifth Congress aimed, as those now urged by Cleveland upon the Fifty-third Congress aim, at placing the currency of the country upon a stable basis, and at taking the shortest road to recovery from business stagnation by putting the standard of value beyond suspicion.

Every student of our financial history recognizes the fact that the business crash of 1837 was only the bursting of the huge bubble of inflation and speculation blown up in the previous years. Among the earliest and most vigorous prickings of that bubble was the famous specie circular of Jackson, issued on July 11, 1836, which forbade the receipt of anything but gold and silver in payment for public lands. This turned to the right-about, as Benton shows, the bales of paper money which were on the eternal speculative round from the West, millions of dollars in amount, and put a depreciated stamp upon them which never could be rubbed off. Congress passed a bill to repeal, in an indirect fashion, this order, but Jackson put it in his pocket. After the expiration of his term every effort was made to get Van Buren to rescind the order, and the burden of Webster's speech in New York city on the 15th of March, 1837, was the need of putting such a pressure of public opinion upon the new President that he would recall the specie circular. This Van Buren flatly refused to do. He even went further, and ordered that all Treasury dues must be paid in gold or silver. With a firmness and clearheadedness that are his best title to fame, he resisted the wild appeals of New York bankers and business men, who protested that they were "adequate judges of all questions connected with the trade and currency of the country," and stood without wavering for hard money and a national treasury entirely independent of speculative banks.

His message to the Twenty-fifth Congress has passages in it which read as if written for the needs of the present day. "It is our duty," he said, "to provide all the remedies against a depreciated currency which the Constitution enables us to afford." He defined his course in connection with the specie orders as designed to "preserve the public faith." It was left for Congress to enact laws which would give "an effectual remedy to the citizen" against the evils of depreciated currency, which would be "at once equal in all parts of the Union and fully authorized by the Constitution." It was Van Buren's resolute advocacy of sound money in 1837, and Buchanan's imitation of his example in 1857, which settled the policy of the Democratic party for a generation, and which make its return in later years to the vomit of depreciated currency one of the marvels of political history.

It is certainly a curious thing to notice how Van Buren was denounced for favoring honest money, just as his latest successor has been. The Whigs took up the cry that the Government wished to set itself up above the people. The money of the people was not good enough for it. "Its aristocratic fingers should touch only gold and silver [silver was then worth more than gold], even if in consequence the money of the people should become worthless scraps of paper." Fearful pictures were drawn of the ruin not only to prosperity but to liberty which would come from discriminating against paper. Even Clay stooped to such a characterization as this: "A Government, an official corps—the servants of the people—glittering in gold; and the people themselves, their masters, buried in ruin and surrounded with rags." But, for a true analogue of the modern shrieks from Colorado, one must turn to the speech delivered in the House by Naylor of Pennsylvania. He is evidently the oratorical and financial model which Gov. Waite has been studying. Said he:

> "My heart shudders, my blood curdles at their recommendations. In every country under heaven where such a system prevails, the people are trampled on and plundered of their rights; ground down to the very dust by the awful despotism of their rulers; bought and sold like cattle. . . . Where am I? Is it possible that here, in this mighty capital of the only free republic on earth, with the deeds, etc., . . . is it possible that we can turn back and affectionately embrace—hug to our bosoms, as jewels above all price—the barbarous institutions of the dark and benighted despotisms of the Old World?"

These lamentable cries sound silly enough to-day, when we remember that the legislative proposals against which they were directed shortly became law, and worked so well that all parties acquiesced in them. The independent Treasury, with its operations conducted on a specie basis, soon ceased entirely to be a political issue. So will it be with the gold standard. After it is affirmatively established, there will be no more thought of going back to silver, or of endeavoring to ride silver and gold together, two horses going at different rates of speed in opposite directions, than there will be of going back to the mad banking and inflation and speculation of 1837.

THE "CURRENCY FAMINE."

WHATEVER diversities of opinion may be detected in the platforms of different parties and factions, no one can fail to be struck with the unanimity with which elasticity is desired for our currency. Upon this point the "silver lunatic" and the "gold-bug," the Populist and the capitalist are agreed, and it is not until the question how to secure this desirable quality is reached that hostile views are developed. These views vary much, but they may be arranged in two classes. In one class belong all theories that imply that elasticity is to be imparted to currency by legislation; in the other belong those that assume that elasticity will come of itself if the Legislature will not interfere.

The present situation affords much support to the contention that the ingenuity of business men is sufficient to devise ways and means for the transaction of business. The office of a currency is to effect exchanges of goods and services, although it must have a close connection with a standard of value; and what is meant by elasticity in a currency is simply the existence of such a quantity of currency so distributed as to enable exchanges to take place without much friction. Now, it is beyond question that by far the most of our exchanges are effected by a kind of currency the amount of which is wholly independent of legislation, consisting of drafts and checks and promissory notes. The precise proportion is immaterial; it may be nine-tenths, or nineteen-twentieths, or ninety-nine one-hundredths. Whatever its amount, Congress does not fix it, and could not fix it if it would. It will expand and contract in accordance with the needs of trade, and will be regulated solely by the extent to which men trust one another.

The extent to which this mutual trust prevails, however, can be materially affected by Congress, as recent events have shown. Exchanges of goods can be made by using credits, so long as no one doubts that the credits are redeemable in the standard of value. While this confidence exists it may even be possible, as was said to have happened in the case of the Bank of Amsterdam, for bank-notes to circulate when the redemption fund has disappeared. But when the Silver Act came fairly into operation, people began to doubt whether credits could be redeemed in the existing standard of value. As soon as they doubted, credits were contracted, business concerns and banks failed, thus contracting credits still more, and in order to effect the exchanges of the country it was necessary to resort to the coin-and-note currency. The less credit was used the more paper money had to be used, and as this was at the same time hoarded by the timid and held on to tenaciously by the banks, it became and still is relatively scarce. Some frightened people have locked it up, probably, in large quantities, and some cautious people feel more comfortable for having rather more of it than usual in their pocketbooks. No inconsiderable quantity has been put away by people in mode-

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rate circumstances to pay their expenses to Chicago. What is, perhaps, most important, in the case of small notes, is the Western demand. Where many banks have failed, it is obvious that money must be used to do what checks did before, and the solvent banks are, of course, obliged to increase their currency reserves, especially as the time for moving the crops approaches.

Any unusual demand for any commodity desired of man, however, as it implies that an unusual profit is to be made by supplying it, stimulates human ingenuity in a hundred ways to furnish the needed supply. One device is the issue of Clearing-house certificates by the banks, and extremely creditable this device is to the intelligence and public spirit of bankers. These certificates have no legal standing as money, but they nevertheless economize the use of money. Another method now actively employed is the practical exchange of Government bonds for national bank-notes, the banks procuring these bonds by agreement with the savings banks or in other ways, and depositing them with the Treasury as security for enlarged issues. In this case it may be said that elasticity has been provided by legislation, but the point that we would make is, that the emergency brings out undeveloped possibilities not contemplated when legislation is adopted Devices of less consequence are brought out by such proposals as that made in Colorado that the State receive silver bullion in satisfaction of taxes, by the offers of enterprising shopkeepers to accept the books of savings-bank depositors in payment for goods, by the policy of the Treasury in accepting less security for Government deposits, and by the increased use of checks in making payments which would ordinarily be made in cash. Some of the large mills in New England, it is reported, are paying their hands in this way, perhaps somewhat to the inconvenience of workmen and the tradespeople with whom they deal, but obviously with an immense saving in the use of money.

But the most natural and most effective method of increasing money is simply buying it. There is no difficulty about getting all the gold we want if we are willing to pay for it. There is a good deal of rather occult ratiocination concerning what the Bank of England will permit to be done about shipping gold to this country, but there is one thing which that Bank always does, and that is, pay a gold sovereign for every pound note that is presented at its counter. Sovereigns are somewhat less valuable for our purposes than our own coins, for which the Bank may therefore charge a corresponding premium. But any one who can get English Bank notes can get gold, and any one who has wheat or cotton or pork to sell can get these notes for it if he wants them. Of course he must pay the price; but if we need gold very much here, the price is worth paying. No "currency famine," therefore, can long endure. If we cannot get notes, we can get gold, and gold is found by other civilized nations to answer the purposes which we have been brought up to think can be answered only by notes. Gold is now coming freely from other countries, and so long as it is needed it will continue to come. There is an abundant supply of gold in the world to impart to the currency of any people all the elasticity which may be required by any financial stringency or "famine."

ANOTHER SILVER HUMBUG EXPLODED

During the past fifteen years we have been frequently told by the silverites that the Indian wheat-growers and other producers were gaining an advantage over us in the export trade by reason of the decline in silver. The theory was that the shipper of Indian produce to England, receiving his pay in gold, was enabled to buy nearly twice as many rupees, or the silver bullion of which the rupees were composed, as formerly; and that since prices of commodities had not advanced in the interior of India, he could buy nearly twice as much wheat and other exportable articles with a given amount of gold. Hence the great advantage of the Indian producer and exporter. This has been the strong point of Mr. Moreton Frewen's essays in finance. It was adopted and has been repeated by no less an authority than the *Financial Chronicle* within a month. The *Chronicle* is a little surprised that India should yield this vantage ground by demonetizing silver, but it congratulates the American farmer on his deliverance from such unfair and depressing competition.

If this were the true state of things in India, then, inasmuch as there is nothing easier for a country to do than to lower its standard of value, the wonder would be that other nations, observing the advantage that India derived from the depreciation of silver, did not hit upon the same expedient. It ought also to be a matter of astonishment that our neighbor Mexico, which has had the same advantage as India in this particular, did not find her export trade equally improved. Russia, too, has had the silver standard during the greater part of the time under consideration, but so far has not observed any increase of her exports which she could ascribe to that circumstance.

Now comes the report of the Indian Currency Committee and solves the mystery by telling us that there has been no increase of Indian exports in consequence of the decline of silver, but on the contrary that there has been a relative decrease of exports during the periods when silver was most rapidly declining, and a relative increase while it was steady in value. This is exactly what science would have taught us to expect. Science tells us that trade is most active and prosperous when the standard of value is most stable. This has been the experience of India during the period in question. We quote from the report (section 27):

"It is said that the tendency of a falling exchange is to stimulate exports; that, inasmuch as more silver, *i. e.*, a higher silver price, is received in respect of the same gold price, while wages and the other factors in the cost of production do not increase in the same proportion, production becomes more profitable, and is therefore stimulated. Assuming this to be true, the effect of each successive fall must be transitory, and can continue only until circumstances have brought about the inevitable adjustment. Although one may be inclined, regarding the matter theoretically, to accept the proposition that the suggested stimulus would be the result of a falling exchange, an examination of the statistics of exported produce does not appear to afford any substantial foundation for the view that in practice this stimulus, assuming it to have existed, has had any prevailing effect on the course of trade; on the contrary, the progress of the export trade has been less with a rapidly falling than with a steady exchange.

"For example, from 1871-72 to 1876-77 the gold value of the rupee fell constantly from 23.126d. to 20.508d., or about 11¼ per cent.; the exports of merchandise were actually less in the latter year than in the former, although in 1876-77 their rupee value exceeded by about 10 per cent. that of the exports of either 1870-71 or 1872-73. From 1878-79 to 1884-85 exchange was fairly steady, the average rates varying only between 19.961d. and 19.308d. per rupee, or about 3¼ per cent.; and during those six years the exports rose by no less than 36½ per cent. Again, between 1884-85 and 1888-89 the fall of the rupee was very rapid, from 19.308d. to 16.379d., or over 15 per cent., and the exports increased during these four years by 16½ per cent.; but in the single year 1889-90, when there was a slight improvement in the exchange, the exports increased by more than 6½ per cent.

"It is said, too, that, while a falling exchange tends to stimulate exports, there is a corresponding tendency to check imports. Here, again, statistics do not seem to show that diminished imports have been coincident with the lower exchange. Taking the same periods as before, from 1871-72 to 1876-77, when exchange fell 11¼ per cent., imports of merchandise into India increased by 17 per cent.; from 1878-79 to 1884-85, when exchange was steady, the increase of imports exceeded 47 per cent.; between 1884-85 and 1888-89, when the rupee fell about 15 per cent., the imports were augmented by nearly 25 per cent.; while in 1889-90, when exchange slightly rose, the imports were rather less than in the previous year."

The question may be asked why the results did not tally with the theory. If silver prices have not risen in the interior of India, why has not the exporter obtained the advantage? The answer is much the same as the answer to the question asked by Benjamin Franklin, Why does not a bucket of water with a fish in it weigh more than the same bucket of water without the fish? The answer is that it does weigh more by exactly the weight of the fish. Prices in the interior of India have risen. They had risen to the full height required by the decline of silver as long ago as 1887. Since that time they have risen, not, perhaps, *pari passu* with the decline of silver, but in some near proportion thereto.

India is traversed by railways in many directions, and she has among her population some of the shrewdest merchants in the world. The Parsee trader is unsurpassed in activity of body and keenness of mind. No Yankee, no Scotchman, no Greek, no Hebrew, is more alert to make a profit. To suppose that the prices of commodities in the interior of India could remain for years unaffected by the decline of silver

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while such men as these were moving about the country and bidding against each other for bargains, betrays very little appreciation of the common principles of trade. It is true in India, as elsewhere, that wages do not rise in proportion to the rise in the prices of commodities. The movement is slower.

CIVIL SERVICE AND HOME RULE.

It will be a useful service to the cause of civil-service reform if some of its friends will have reprinted and circulated in convenient form some portions of the debate in the Committee of the Whole of the House of Commons on clause 28 of the Home-Rule Bill. This clause contains various provisions intended to safeguard the interests of those members of the Irish civil service likely to be adversely affected by the altered conditions which the grant of home rule will involve. There is much in that discussion to remove the doubts of the well-meaning people whose faith in civil-service reform is still shaken by the stock arguments of the spoils politicians against the merit system. The objection which has more influence than any other, and therefore the one the spoilsmen never tire of repeating, is that good service and loyal coöperation cannot be expected from subordinate civil servants who do not belong to the political party of the President and his Cabinet. A great many people who do not want any offices either for themselves or their friends, and who view the scramble for office which for the last sixty-four years has accompanied every change in the Presidency, are more or less perplexed by the frequent repetition of this argument. Those who have had any opportunity to observe the practical workings of the public service know that if the politics of the subordinates have any effect at all on their efficiency, it is probable that the influence is precisely the reverse of that the spoilsmen so persistently assert, and that civil servants are found most serviceable when they do not belong to the party in power, because in such case they can rely on their efficiency alone for retention in office.

If, however, there is any place and any circumstance which would seem to make it inherently probable that the opinions of the office-holders would induce them to embarrass the administration in power, that place is Ireland, and the circumstances are those which have existed since Mr. Gladstone's Administration took office. Whatever may have been the original political opinions of the members of the Irish civil service at the time when they won their places by their success in the competitive examinations, their duties as part of the "Castle" system of alien rule in Ireland necessarily put the great majority of them in a position of active or passive opposition to the Irish Nationalists. The success of Mr. Gladstone's Government involves the triumph of their foes, and will end by placing in control over them men for whom they have been educated to feel nothing but hatred and contempt, and from whom the service of which they were a part has received little but abuse, not always merited, and never perhaps free from the exaggeration common to political attacks, and not less frequent in Ireland than in other parts of the world. If they entertain fears for their future in the event of the establishment of an Irish Parliament, their apprehensions are not unnatural. Have they, then, used their position to thwart that policy of Mr. Morley's which they so feared and disliked? He has not found the task of governing Ireland an easy one, and if some of the difficulties with which he had to contend could be laid at the door of the Unionists who so greatly predominate in the Irish civil service, there is no reason why he should not say so. Yet we find him telling the Commons: "I have received from all members of that service with whom I have had dealings treatment of the utmost consideration, though to many of them the policy with which I was associated was not altogether welcome. They have shown a Government with which they are only partially in sympathy the same loyalty and fidelity which they have shown to other governments."

Those persons and newspapers who, friendly themselves to civil-service reform, are inclined to feel that the leaders in the reform movement exaggerate the importance of the establishment and maintenance in the service of a regular system of promotion for merit, and who think that the recent tampering in some of the Washington departments with the rules governing promotions is of no special public interest, should ponder the emphatic declaration of Mr. Gladstone, made in the course of this same debate, that the "principle of promotion in the civil service is vital to the welfare of that service." Some very good reformers, who are inclined to believe that such papers as the Indianapolis *Civil Service Chronicle* go too far in their denunciation of the fundamental immorality of the whole wretched spoils system and of each and every particular spoils-mongering job, need only to read that debate through to perceive how the bare suggestion of a return to such practices as unhappily so generally prevail here, and as were formerly no less prevalent in the United Kingdom, strike people who have not had their moral perception blunted by long and close acquaintance with such methods. Every speaker, whether Liberal, Tory, Unionist, Nationalist, Parnellite, or Radical, evidently felt that to dismiss any faithful public servant because his politics did not happen to be the same as those of his superiors, would be an outrage on justice and decency.

Mr. Gladstone, in commenting upon the Unionist fears that the Irish Parliament would inaugurate that clean sweep which Mr. Wanamaker under the last Administration, like Mr. Logan Carlisle under this, apparently considered a necessary and laudable incident of every change of Federal Administration, is reported in the *Times* as follows: "He had never meant to say that there might not be persons whom a new Irish Government would desire to dismiss, but he thought he had limited himself properly when he suggested that they would probably be confined to *two or three persons*. He could not ascribe to the new Irish Government such *fatuity, such gross and wicked injustice*, as the intention, or the possibility of the intention, of its rushing into such a course of wholesale dismissal as had been suggested." The italics are ours.

Civil-service reformers in this country can afford to ignore the charge of spoilsmen that their theories are impracticable, when those theories in their utmost application are thus endorsed by the greatest living practical politician as well as statesman of the English-speaking race. Mr. Gladstone's words are all the more weighty because, for many years after he entered political life, the spoils system still flourished as rankly in England as it does now in America. In reading the debate of which his speech formed a part, it is impossible not to be reminded of that other debate a century ago, as to where, under the Federal Constitution, the power of removal from office is lodged; for it was in the course of that early discussion that James Madison declared that a President who removed a faithful official in order to make room for a political friend of his own, would be "impeachable by the House before the Senate for such an act of maladministration; for I contend that the wanton removal of a meritorious officer would subject him to impeachment and removal from his high trust." While Americans must regret that during the hundred years which have since elapsed our country has fallen so far away from Madison's standard, they can take courage in the reflection that the Prime Minister of a country in which, when Madison spoke, the misuse of patronage was probably worse than it ever has been here, can now say that for his own political friends, under circumstances of extreme provocation, to turn out of office more than an inappreciable percentage of the members of a civil service almost unanimously opposed to them in political belief, would be an act of "fatuity" and of "gross and wicked injustice."

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—II.

FINE ARTS: THE UNITED STATES SECTION.

CHICAGO, July, 1893.

THE great progress made in the art of painting in the United States since 1876 is mainly due to the work accomplished by the Society of American Artists, which was founded in 1877 and includes in its membership the best men who have come from their studies abroad since that time, as well as many of those who

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have taken up a permanent residence in France, England, and other European countries; and the excellence of the American exhibition of paintings at Chicago, so far as the work shown by the artists who live at home is concerned, at least, is the direct outcome of the efforts of the younger men in New York and Boston to express, with technical methods of their own, founded on the principles taught in the Paris schools, what they have seen and felt in their native surroundings. The American artists who reside abroad have sent to this exhibition some of their latest and best pictures, and these, mingled with the canvases by the men at home, not hung in separate rooms, as was the case at Paris in 1889, constitute a large part of the best work in the galleries of the American section.

Mr. John S. Sargent, who, although seven of the eight portraits he contributes were painted in the United States, may most properly be included in the foreign contingent, and Mr. Winslow Homer, who affiliates with no particular group in the home school, but is a law unto himself in technical methods and individuality of expression, carry off the honors of the exhibition. The contrast between two great painters could scarcely be more marked. Mr. Sargent, born in Florence, beginning his art studies at an early age under Carolus-Duran and in the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, is an artist who had been thoroughly trained by academic courses before attempting to paint a picture at all, and who, as his facility increased and his artistic perception grew more personal, developed a style that is irreproachable from the technical standpoint, and marvellous in directness, simplicity, and harmony of form and color. Mr. Homer, with the slightest academical training, but endowed with a temperament that led him to see years ago what other men about him failed to see, and to persevere in his attempts to express what he felt were the great truths in nature, has progressed steadily from a tentative, somewhat uncouth, but always forcible manner in his earliest pictures, to a masterly breadth of treatment and intensely personal style that give to his later work a surpassing interest.

Of all Mr. Sargent's portraits here, the two finest are undoubtedly the "Mother and Child," a large canvas with full-length figures of a lady in black and a boy in a white sailor suit and straw hat, and the bust portrait of Mrs. Inches of Boston in a ball-gown of red velvet. The first is remarkable for its beautiful and dignified composition, for the beauty of expression in the faces of the mother and her son, the splendid swing of the brush which envelopes every part of the picture in a harmonious ensemble, and the fine general aspect of the work, with its sober color scheme of black and white. It was first exhibited at one of the autumn exhibitions of the Academy in New York three or four years ago; and while I have not seen all of Mr. Sargent's portraits since that time, I doubt whether he has done anything any better than this. Certainly no other living painter has painted a portrait any finer, in a technical sense, and none has excelled it in general quality of style and that grand air that so distinguishes the work of the masters. The portrait of Mrs. Inches, also painted some five years ago and first shown in New York, gains in beauty of tone when seen again; and, for frank, simple painting, life-like expression, and luminousness, remains one of the best portraits from the hand of any artist of our time. These two pictures are in themselves quite sufficient to place Mr. Sargent in the highest rank of modern painters, but in other works here there is much to admire and commend. The "Portrait" lent by Augustus St. Gaudens, with the seated figure of his little son and his mother seen in half-light behind him, possesses some of the qualities that make the "Mother and Child" so admirable. The large canvas, "Portrait" (No. 877), of a lady in a black satin gown, is notable for its firm, decisive modelling and the brilliancy of the flesh tones. "Portrait" (No. 882) is a picture of a young woman, in which the white drapery of the gown is delightfully painted, and "Portrait" (No. 883) is an excellent rendering of childish character in the picture of a little boy. "Portrait" (No. 880), another picture of a young woman in a white gown, is distinctly inferior to No. 882, and indeed not at all equal to Mr. Sargent's best work, and the "Portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth" is a *tour de force* in carrying out a color scheme of blue with the artificial lighting of the stage lamps on the face and arms of the erect figure holding a crown over her head.

The subjects of Mr. Homer's pictures are various, ranging from the fantastic "Dressing for the Carnival," a party of negroes in bright colored garments—one of his earlier works and remarkable for depth of tone and unity of effect, in spite of absolute falsity in the rendering of values—to such scenes of sailor life and coast views as "Eight Bells," "Sailors Take Warning," "Lost on the Grand Banks," and "Coast in Winter." There are fifteen pictures in all, and four of them present all that is best in Mr. Homer's artistic achievement. They are "Herring Fishing," which shows two men in a boat pulling a net full of fish over the side; "Lost on the Grand Banks," in which two men are seen in a fishing dory riding the long swell-like waves of that part of the Atlantic, with all about them enveloped in the chilly, misty atmosphere; "The Fog Warning," with a man in a rowboat at sea enveloped, as in "Lost on the Grand Banks," in the gray fog; and "Eight Bells," in which two sailors in oilskins, standing by the bulwarks of a coasting vessel on a stormy day, are taking the noon-day observation at the moment when a break in the sky lets the sun shine full on the glistening decks and cordage, and lights up the white crests of the waves—all in a cold raw glare against the rolling black clouds of the sky. This brief description will suffice to show that Mr. Homer, like Millet and other great artists, finds what he most wishes to express in the simplest of subjects. There is no literary sentiment about his pictures, and no trace of extraneous motives in his presentation of the homely poetry of the life he portrays. The whole charm and power of the work lies in the artist's interpretation of what he has seen and imagined. Its force comes entirely from his unyielding individuality in saying what he feels in his own way.

There is a Whistler "cult" in Paris at the present time, and it is the fashion to accept all that he paints or has painted as the last word in what is worth doing in art. Mr. Whistler is without doubt one of the cleverest of living painters, and he has been a factor of very considerable importance in the development of the painting of to-day, especially in London, where he lived for years, pursuing his own ideals, surrounded by all that all is most commonplace and bourgeois in art. The great merit of his work has been fully recognized in Paris of late, and among the artists in New York there is the deepest admiration for his achievements. It is the knowledge of these facts that makes the exhibition of six of his canvases at Chicago on the whole a disappointment. One of them, "The Princess of the Land of Porcelain," was painted, by the way, as long ago as 1864, but this is nothing to its disadvantage except that in an exhibition thirty years afterwards we might reasonably expect to see more recent work. This picture, however, is not one to call for much comment. It is a pale, unsubstantial figure of a woman, in a Japanese gown apparently, and an arrangement of various stuffs and objects as a setting, not remarkable for any charm of color or style. "Portrait" (No. 1104) is the merest *ébauche* of the figure of a boy, lacking in form, and with red patches of color on his cheeks that by no means keep their places; and "The Fur Jacket" (No. 1101) is not much more than an *ébauche*, but, unlike the portrait of a boy, it is a charming conception, delightfully indicated and of real beauty of tone. The "Nocturne, Valparaiso," and the "Harmony in Blue and Silver," again, are suggestions, very pretty suggestions; but if we are to try to find Mr. Whistler's place in modern art, we ought to have more than that. Otherwise we must conclude that he is content with suggestions in painting, and such a conclusion is at variance with the judgment of his work in Paris, where completeness is counted as one of the chief merits in a work of art. Or the doctrine that a clever suggestion is worth as much as a completed work, a doctrine that seems to be finding not a few disciples in the New York exhibitions of late, may have invaded even Paris; but this I am much inclined to doubt. The sixth of Mr. Whistler's pictures is the well-known "The Lady with the Yellow Buskin," and here, fortunately, we have an example to which the reproach of vagueness and insincerity does not apply. The pose of the figure, the arrangement, tone, and general treatment are admirable. It is suavely painted, sober and reserved in its color scheme, and simplicity itself. The only question that arises in looking at it that is not fully met by the merit of the work is whether it was painted as a portrait or not—and this question has more to do with the work of the men who have been influenced by Mr. Whistler's methods than with this picture. The title does not allege a portrait, and in any case it is a charming picture, but its chief charm is in its treatment as a color harmony, an arrangement of blacks and grays and browns and the yellow note; the study of character has not concerned the artist, except, of course, in so far as it is expressed in the turn of the figure and the upper half of the face looking over the shoulder. But some of our painters have seemed to think that something like the way Mr. Whistler has treated this canvas is the way to paint a portrait. It is not the way, and there is a lesson to be learned here.

There are in the galleries six works by Alexander Harrison. The excellent picture of two children in a boat on a smooth-flowing river at sunset, "The Amateurs," which, together with "In Arcadia," formed part of his exhibition at Paris in 1889 and have both been seen in New York; a charming wood interior of yellowish tone, "Misty Morning"; "Marine," and "Twilight"—are five of them; and a new picture, "The Bathers," completes the list. Mr. Harrison is a painter of great ability, a hard-working searcher after truth, and an artist whose temperament is poetic and refined. None of his works in which he has treated the nude figure shows his sympathetic qualities more completely or his technical force more decisively than "In Arcadia." While the figures are not so well drawn as those in "The Bathers," "In Arcadia" quite surpasses the newer picture in the general aspect of truth to nature. It also possesses more depth and quality

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of color, and is *gras* and painted with a full brush, while the other, especially in the water, is dry and thin. But I mean this in a comparative sense only. If "In Arcadia" is admirable in almost every respect, "The Bathers" is only less remarkable than some of Mr. Harrison's other work for truthful, conscientious rendering of a most difficult motive. The artistic theorems which he has undertaken to expound in these two pictures are full of the most troublesome questions of detail. The painter has brought to his work a knowledge gained by long observation and patient study of nature. It is not too much to say that very few modern painters who have attempted to paint the nude figure out of doors have succeeded half so well as he, and the conception of his subjects, the arrangement of his compositions, and the execution of the work as it is seen in these two canvases, bear a thoroughly individual stamp. It is especially important, too, to note that all of Mr. Harrison's pictures are distinguished by genuine beauty and veracity of color. WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

AN ARCHITECTURAL DISCOVERY IN CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON, July 26, 1893.

NOWADAYS, in England, if old buildings are touched at all, it is too often with a view to their restoration—a word which in this case is a synonym for destruction. Therefore, when deliberate effort is made, not to give a new version of old work, but to free that old work from every modern encroachment, the event is one of no small interest to all who are concerned with the history of the past, of no small importance to all who have made a study of architecture. And this is exactly what is happening just now at Jesus College, Cambridge.

The College, it will be remembered, was not an independent foundation, but sprang from the old Nunnery of St. Radegunde. The chief portion of the earlier buildings still remaining is the chapel. Its attraction to the modern tourist, no doubt, is found in the Burne-Jones windows, which, it may be noted in passing, are quite the finest examples of stained glass that artist has yet given us. But, to the architect and archæologist, it is the church itself (so different from the usual college chapel), with its nave and transepts and its beautiful early English piers and arches and arcades. Of course, King's stands alone as the great architectural marvel of Cambridge; but Jesus Chapel, in its own way, is only less fine if at first glance it must seem less imposing, while in historical associations and significance it is supreme. From the records left by the old nuns, and still preserved by the college, the monastic history of mediæval England might well be compiled. But, beyond the chapel, hitherto there have been few visible traces of the original nunnery, except here in a window and there in a hallway. Some forty or fifty years ago, when masons were employed in putting a new coat of plaster on the inner wall of the cloister, one of the Fellows chanced to see what he fancied was the spring of an arch partially concealed in the rough stone work. But the matter then troubled him little. The masons went on with their plastering, and nothing was heard of the possible discovery. Of late years, however, it appears that the same Fellow, now a very old man and no longer a resident in college, has been haunted by the memory of what he had seen—or thought he had seen—so many years earlier; and, at his earnest suggestion, due investigation was begun. At first the masons set to work upon the wall close to the door leading into the chapel, and here absolutely nothing was found. But, still persisting, they next pulled off the plaster at another point a little further from the chapel entrance; and now the Fellow had the satisfaction of knowing that his memory had not played him false, and that he had rendered a true service to his college.

For what was found has proved one of the most important architectural discoveries made in England for many years. The arch, which had been just indicated in the stone work, has turned out to be but one of three, and these, when I was at Cambridge the other day, had been almost entirely set free from the wall during long centuries gradually built up about them. They belong to the purest period of the thirteenth century, good authorities affirming that they date back to 1230, or thereabouts. The reasons for this belief are the capitals, which still show some suggestion of Norman influence, and the beautiful detached shafts, which later architects never introduced, having learned that greater strength, if less charm, was secured by connecting them to the central shaft with bands. The mouldings and the carved foliage of the capitals are in the most wonderful state of preservation, and the stone is of almost dazzling whiteness—a whiteness to be attributed, perhaps, partly to whitewash and destined not long to survive exposure to the foggy English atmosphere and the smoke of Cambridge. Thanks to their chance burial, the arches have escaped the restorer; indeed, they have been brought to light at the best moment, now that a few men, at least, begin to understand the folly of tampering with the none too many relics and monuments of the past still left. Not so far removed is the time when the old *piscina* was discovered in the chapel; then the one idea was to restore it; now college dignitaries are of another way of thinking. The arches form the doorway and near windows of the nuns' chapter-house. Its floor evidently was much below the level of the present cloister, but the necessary excavations have been made to the very base of the central door, so as to show the proportions of shafts and arches in their original grace and purity. Nor will the floor be filled in again. The cloister here is, in term time, one of the very busy thoroughfares of Jesus; but for a little space it will be narrowed, in order that the effect of this beautiful bit of the old monastic building may be seen in all its loveliness and perfection. In the course of digging, the workmen came upon a fine stone coffin with sculptured top—the coffin of an early prioress—and this probably will be left lying exactly where it was found, turned to east and west, even though a part of it must remain hidden under so much of the pavement as utility refuses to sacrifice to archæology.

This discovery rightly has aroused great interest in Cambridge. Architectural innovations, not merely for years, but for centuries, have consisted either in pulling down old buildings completely, or else in restoring them out of all recognition. To destroy comparatively new work so as to make room for the old is indeed an event worth chronicling in the history of the University. N. N.

IN THE BALEARIC ISLES.—IV.

VALLDEMOSA, June, 1893.

THE road from Palma to the mountain village of Valldemosa is pleasantly diversified, passing through a smiling plain, rich in almond orchards and in fields of waving wheat—said to be the finest in the Mediterranean; the generous earth supporting both grain and fruit-bearing trees in the same field. All along the way are stone aqueducts, originating with the Moors, into which the tardy water is coaxed; and now and then the groaning of a huge wheel, laden with earthen jars, and turned by a blindfolded mule, discovers the means by which the fertilizing streams are turned into the carefully prepared channels of distribution. Wayside washing-wells are provided at convenient points, where the women, arriving from a distance mounted on donkeys, comfortably wash and gossip together. There are few houses, an occasional *venta*, or poor inn, or a small habitation by the roadside, with its dial on the wall marking the sunny hours, or a massively built country house, standing in its walled garden guarded by stately palm and eucalyptus trees. Olives take the place of almonds as we approach the narrow gorge that leads into the heart of the mountains—olives of generous girth, hoary with the weight of a thousand fruitful years, and twisted into shapes so fantastic that the miles of orchards through which we pass seem a vast field of living forms suddenly arrested in the midst of the wildest revels. The peasants have a veneration for these weird old trees, the more ignorant believing them to have been set out at the beginning of the world. It is said that only at Corfu are to be seen olives of such antiquity.

As we ascend, the road narrows and is overhung by precipitous crags from whose crevices hang the long pennants and bright-yellow flowers of the broom, along with lusty olives that seem to find their nourishment out of the very rock; while the dry bed of the winter stream along which the road winds is a tangle of briar, honeysuckle, and white cistus. A last backward look upon the blue gleam of Palma bay, and the wild ravine opens into a valley of delight, encircled by rugged mountains, where the deep-green foliage of fig and citron, with gleams of golden fruit, red-ripe cherries, and the glowing bloom of pomegranate sweep in waves of rich color up the long slopes, meeting the silvery gray of the olive, whose soft bloom blends far up the mountain sides with the sombre colors of pine and ilex. On a plateau far above the valley rise the towers and gray walls of the old Cartuja, or Monastery, a mass of blossoming roses with hanging gardens along its whole façade. Two or three palms add a touch of dignity to all this luxuriance, while the mountains lift their heads high above monastery and valley. The picturesque village of Valldemosa, with its old church flanked by tall cypresses, straggles off to the right of the monastery. There are, perhaps, as charming valleys as Vall-de-Musa, and certainly mountains of loftier height; but in the long, winding way upward the combination of tropic and temperate vegetation, the sharp, broken outlines of the mountains, clothed here with olives, there with dark evergreens, again disclosing sheer and naked precipices—the old Cartuja in its wreath of roses—the silver line of the sea shining beyond the ravine, and, over all, the constant azure of the sky—present an *ensemble* hardly to be equalled.

Our interest in the Cartuja was quickened by the fact that George Sand, with her children and Chopin, had spent a winter here. A winter of violent storms, and consequent hardships, it proved to be, for the old monastery was a poor asylum in severe weather; and the lurking disease of a pulmonary nature, which had been the cause of Chopin's coming to Mal-

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lorca, assumed an acute form which threatened his life. But his genius felt the quickening power of his strange surroundings. The old cloisters, the long, echoing corridor, which his fancy peopled with the phantoms of dead monks when the early winter twilight fell, the mysterious harmonies borne to him on the wings of the wind and through tempests of rain, inspired those masterpieces to which he gave the modest name of Preludes. The piano which he used, and which had been sent from France, is still preserved at Palma, and is in the possession of the consul for the United States.

To the more vigorous nature of George Sand the crisp air of the mountains, even the battling with the winter storms, gave a keen zest to life and furnished mental stimulation. The story of 'Spiridion,' begun at Nohant, found a more fitting setting in this abandoned habitation of the monks, and was carried to completion "amid the groanings of the north wind in the ruined cloisters." Her unhappy experiences with the people were due partly to a superstitious fear of Chopin's illness, which does not seem to have been confined to the ignorant peasantry, and partly to the very circumstances of her life here. That she should resent and exaggerate the treatment she received was not unnatural, or that her bitter strictures, which originally appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, should meet with more than one bitter response. But, making due allowance for her provocations, it is quite certain that she was unjust in her general estimate of the people of Mallorca.

We were loath to pass by Valldemosa, but the Hospederia where we were to find shelter for a few days on our way to the famous orange groves of Soller lay beyond, and the drive of a couple of miles under the shadow of the mountains, with a sea of shifting hues more than a thousand feet below us, was all too quickly accomplished. The Hospederia, a plain stone structure, erected by the Austrian Archduke Luis Salvador within his domain of Miramar, stands on the highroad between Valldemosa and Soller, its generous doors open to all wayfarers. Each traveller brings his own food, but lodging and service are free. The old woman in charge, a characteristic type of the island peasant woman—dark-skinned, with strongly marked features, and independent bearing—receives all comers with equal simplicity, showing favor to none. Happening to be first on the field, we had our choice of dormitories, and, a cloth being laid upon one of the long deal tables in the refectory, the contents of our hamper were served upon native ware of bright, crude coloring. Several parties arrived shortly after—priests, soldiers, peasants, and pleasure-seekers from Palma. Quaint lamps were lighted, of classic design, burning olive oil, and giving a clear, soft light, which left the corners of the refectory in deep shadow, but, concentrated upon a group of peasants about the table, brought out their bronzed features with the vividness of one of Rembrandt's canvases.

Our morning walk took us along a romantic path to the *casa* of Miramar, where there is a collection of fine specimens of the antique products of Mallorca—richly carved chests, bedsteads with tall, spirally fluted posts and openwork headpieces; massive chairs, etc., and the famous majolica ware, the production of which is now one of the lost arts. From a group of people about to enter carriages waiting at the entrance, a tall, athletic figure with a bronzed and pleasant countenance stepped forward as we approached, and asked if we were strangers. It was the Archduke himself, who invited us in and made us welcome, and, after some conversation, kindly planned an excursion to the highest mountain peak above Miramar. This prince, with manners as frank and simple as those of a country gentleman, has been an extensive traveller, is the author of several books of travel, illustrated from his own drawings, and of an exhaustive work on the Balearic Islands. He is a close observer of men and things, and a man of much originality of thought and expression. An enthusiastic lover of nature, he deplores the reckless destruction of the forests, and his hearing the sound of the axe one morning from an adjacent tract of land led to his purchasing the land. Thereupon, so goes the story, vigorous wood-chopping became an all too frequent sound in the clear air of Miramar, with the result that his estates grew far beyond his original intention, until they embrace a tract of sea coast, mountain, and valley about six by seven miles in extent, where the nightingale now sings undisturbed in the thick groves. Everywhere a fine artistic sense has been employed not only to preserve nature's beauties, but to make them accessible. Winding paths lead through arbors of pine, ilex, and carob, along the dizzy edges of precipices, with inviting resting-places under huge, overhanging boulders, to spacious miradors, or outlooks, often built upon the platform of some steep cliff, where the spectator can enjoy a succession of beautiful pictures with comfort and safety.

A good bridle-path leads up the mountain, and the noble view from the summit embraces the plain of Palma—its great cathedral looming up grandly—the fertile valleys of Soller and Valldemosa, and the sea both north and south, with the island of Cabrera lying as it were afloat on its surface; while the orchards and vineyards, the long, wooded hill-slopes, the rocky, broken coast line, and the naked, sea-fretted promontories of Miramar lie at our feet. Another route downward brought us to the interesting and extensive old mansion of Son Moragues, which the Archduke, with generous thoughtfulness, is fitting up for a "Museo Balear" of the industrial arts. This estate is also fair to see and under fine cultivation; but what most impressed us was the absence of servility on the part of the peasants towards the Archduke, and their manifestation of genuine affection. When his voice was heard at Son Moragues, young and old crowded forward to greet him, some with offerings of fruit. At parting he was careful to give each a hearty hand-grasp, and it was pleasant to see how their faces fairly glowed with delight at the meeting. The next morning, on our way down to the sea, where a carriage road has been constructed along the shore leading to the *estacca*, or private residence, of the Archduke, we visited a beautiful little chapel, on an isolated pinnacle of rock reached by a light but lofty arch, containing a fine full-length statue, in Carrara marble, of Ramon Lull. This was erected, in 1877, to commemorate the sixth centenary of the founding by Lull at Miramar of a college for the study of the Oriental languages, with a view to the peaceable conversion of the infidels. It was, perhaps, by the following of some subtle law that here also should be set up, in 1485, the first printing-press in the islands, being the second in Spain.

June days are long, but the three days allowed to each visitor at the Hospederia vanished like a dream, and we found ourselves on the road to Soller, with Miramar fast disappearing from view. For some time we kept along by the sea, though still high above it, then, passing round the picturesque, mediæval-looking village of Deyá, perched upon a bold rock rising out of the valley through which the road wound, soon the spicy perfume of orange groves gave token that we were approaching Soller. But it took many turns of the road to allow us a view of the village lying deep down in the valley. This valley, menaced, almost overpowered, by lofty mountains, hidden from the sea, and with only a narrow outlet, is one of the most fertile in the world, yielding not only fruits and vegetables in great variety but of fine quality, its oranges especially being of exquisite flavor. The village has crowded its nine thousand inhabitants into small space to leave room for the gardens and orchards, which are marvels of careful cultivation, watered by unfailing fountains having their source in the summits above. Although the village itself is uninteresting, there are many beautiful walks around about, and the ascent of Puig Mayor, the highest point on the island, is well worth the effort.

It was on Sunday, and the festival of Mary, that we first saw Soller; and a procession bearing the figure of Mary, rose-crowned, preceded by chanting choristers and followed by a crowd of reverent women, was making the round of the village. The Soller women, who are much more beautiful than those of Palma, have an element of pathos in their beauty which harmonized with the feast they celebrated. The harbor, some distance from the village, is small and difficult of entrance except in smooth weather. It was from this port that the preaching friar who had had occasion to admonish the Conqueror, and was by his order refused passage to Spain, embarked on his own mantle and landed safe in Barcelona. Returning to Palma by the direct road which climbs over the mountains and reaches a great altitude by innumerable zigzags that furnish many vantage points of beauty, we wondered at and admired this grand piece of engineering—an enduring monument to the skill and intelligence of its constructor. S. G.

Correspondence.

THE EBB TIDE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: That "there is a tide in the affairs of men" is a fact which must always have been noticed and counted upon by sensible people, at least since the days of Noah; but that the ebb tide as much as the flood "leads on to fortune," for the community as well as for the "bears," is a hard saying to those who are suffering.

From temporary suffering we have now no escape. Even Congress cannot stop the ebb and flow of values which is due to material causes and to natural alternations of hope and fear. It can, however, and therefore it must, help by providing for the people of the United States a measure of value as accurate and as fixed as that of other great trading nations. By so doing it can make even this ebb tide lead us on to fortune. H. C.

Cambridge, August 7, 1893.

A DIAGNOSIS OF THE CASE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The story of "E. W. H." about the farmer who had "a measure with a hole in it" is paralleled by a recent occurrence here, in

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which at least one professional gentleman saw the light of an illustration.

Dr. Y. has been much depressed of late about the bad times and stringency in the money market, and one day, in a vein of semi-humor, he accosted a neighborhood wag and asked for his solution of the financial situation. The philosopher scratched his head reflectively for a few moments, and then gave vent to his wisdom as follows:

"Well, doctor, if you knew a man who was not content to let his processes of digestion and assimilation go on in a free and natural manner, but must needs be taking a kind of drug that caused some parts of his system to be nourished while other parts were impoverished, would you be greatly surprised after a number of years of such practice if he had a severe fit of sickness?"

Tariff-reformers will be interested to know that the good doctor saw the cat.

CHARLES E. BENTON.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

REMOVALS IN OUR FOREIGN CIVIL SERVICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read in the *Nation* of the 3d inst. the letter concerning the United States Consul at Christiania, who, "L. W. H." informs us, "has recently, without having received official notice of any sort, learned from a chance newspaper paragraph of the appointment of his successor, a person from Dakota." Evidently your correspondent is not aware of the fact that it is the rule, and not the exception, for a "faithful officer of the United States" to have "the door of his consulate shut upon him without a word of explanation, excuse, or thanks."

A somewhat similar case came under my notice about ten years ago in France. Mr. Albert Rhodes, who had been in our consular service for several years, who had even acted for a short time as chargé d'affaires in Holland, and who had been made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French Government, suddenly learned one morning from the newspapers that he was removed from his post at Rouen and banished to an out-of-the-way consulate in Germany. I have known more than one Secretary of Legation who first heard of his dismissal through the cablegrams of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. I recall the incident of one of our ministers who wished to entertain at dinner the delegates to an international congress in which our country was represented. But, as a new administration had just come into power, he hesitated issuing the invitations till he should get some assurance from Washington that he would not be humiliated by reading in the evening paper of the appointment of his successor, while sitting with his guests in the smoking-room.

Mr. Gade's case makes it again pertinent to ask the question, how much longer a great nation like the United States means to go on stultifying itself before the world. When we make fools of ourselves at home, it is a family affair, so to speak. But when we insult and belittle our official representatives abroad, we disgrace ourselves in the eyes of all foreign nations.

T. S.

NEW YORK, August 5, 1893.

JOHN DAWSON OF VIRGINIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am unable to supply any information concerning the parentage of Hon. John Dawson of Virginia, who is mentioned in President Tyler's note in the *Nation* of July 27 and in my own note in a previous issue. There is no Harvard matriculation book of the period of Dawson's admission, and the few references to him in the Faculty Records throw no light on the matter. The brief sketches of his career in the *National Intelligencer* of April 2, 1814—the day after his death—in Grigsby's 'History of the Virginia Convention of 1788' (Va. Hist. Collections), in Lanman's 'Dictionary of Congress,' and in the biographical dictionaries, tell us nothing of his family. C. C. Dawson, in his 'Dawson Family Records,' does, however, offer the surmise—distinctly given as such—that John Dawson, the Congressman, was descended from one of three Virginia clergymen, William, Thomas, and Musgrave Dawson, of whom the first two were the Presidents of William and Mary referred to by President Tyler.

I first mentioned the incident of Dawson's admission as an indication of the good feeling at that time prevailing between Massachusetts and Virginia. It may be worth while to note that the two men first honored by Harvard with the degree of LL.D. were Virginians—Washington in 1776 and Gates in 1779. Moreover, Gates's son Robert, who had been driven away from Princeton by the British, also received an honorary A.B. in 1779; and the letter in which the father returned thanks for both is still in the College archives. Washington seems at one time to have entertained the idea of sending his adopted son, G. W. P. Custis, to Harvard.—Very respectfully,

WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., July 31, 1893.

Notes.

THE W. F. ADAMS CO., Springfield, Mass., have in preparation 'Picturesque Berkshire,' in two parts, northern and southern, with illustrations by Lionel De Lisser and Clifton Johnson, besides a frontispiece view of Greylock by Elbridge Kingsley. The text will be furnished by ex-Senator Dawes, Clark W. Bryan, Albert Hardy, Dora Read Goodale, and others. This volume, coming after the 'Picturesque Hampshire,' 'Franklin,' and 'Hampden,' will complete the illustration of the western half of Massachusetts.

The authorized English version of Pasquier's Napoleonic memoirs, 'A History of My Time,' will be published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons in three volumes, with portraits. They will also soon issue 'The Adventures of David Balfour,' by Robert Louis Stevenson.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have nearly ready 'The Phillips Brooks Year-Book,' containing appropriate selections from the late Bishop's writings for every day in the year.

'Early Prose and Verse,' edited by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle and Mrs. Emily Ellsworth Ford, is soon to be issued by Harper & Bros., who further announce 'The Private Life,' three short stories by Henry James.

Ginn & Co. promise next month 'A High School Rhetoric,' by John F. Genung.

Sir J. D. Hooker, reviewing in *Nature* for June 29 Capt. Wharton's edition from the MSS. of Captain Cook's Journal, reveals the interesting fact that, since this work went to press, the journal of Cook's distinguished companion on the *Endeavor*, Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks, together with his correspondence during the voyage, has been found in the MS. Department of the British Museum, and Sir J. D. Hooker hopes it may now be published uniformly with Wharton's Cook's. The same number of *Nature* tells of "a quantity of the correspondence of Sir Joseph Banks" having changed hands at the recent sale of the library of the late Lord Brabourne.

Macmillan & Co. will publish in September a translation of Prof. Luigi Cossa's 'Introduction to the Study of Political Economy.' The translation has been in hand for a year, and has been brought down to date. The needed revision has been made by the author and by the translator, Louis Dyer, M.A. of Balliol College, Oxford, who has greatly enlarged the index of authors, and has added the subject-index pronounced indispensable for the book in our recent notice of the Italian original.

Following hard upon the heels of *Harper's Quarterly* is *Longmans' Paper Series*, also a quarterly (with occasional extra numbers). The first volume of this new series is Mr. Rider Haggard's 'Nada, the Lily,' with all the original illustrations.

The first or 1840 edition of the 'Madison Papers,' edited by Henry D. Gilpin, consisted of three octavo volumes in very generous typography, the Journal proper occupying 1,624 pages. What is called a "special edition" now appears in Chicago, bearing the imprint of Albert, Scott & Co., and "edited by E. H. Scott." It forms one plump volume, in clear characters, of 763 pages. Mr. Scott's editing is simply the appropriation of Gilpin's labors. He cuts down the latter's preface in a manner very detrimental to the record of the circumstances under which the Journal was made by Madison, and acquired after his death by the Government. He cuts out all the appendix, all the facsimiles of handwriting, and as much of the index as suits his caprice—Washington, for instance, has a page in Gilpin, but Mr. Scott retains only nine items. Yet the index was the field in which a new editor might have shone. We have not compared the text in the two editions: errors in that would be inexcusable indeed.

'Villette,' in two volumes, is the latest in the charming Dent edition of the works of the Brontë sisters (Macmillan), and the same English and American house set before us 'The Adventures of Joseph Andrews,' as the first volumes in a reprint of Fielding's novels, uniform with the foregoing and the Jane Austen series. There will be twelve in all, and Mr. Saintsbury edits them, furnishing at least a biographico-literary introduction, while the pretty photogravures are after designs by Herbert Railton and E. J. Wheeler. It is needless to repeat our encomiums of these specimens of tasteful and handy book-making.

'Angelica Kauffmann,' by Frances A. Gerard (Macmillan), has the merit of being "the first life of the artist written in English," and the further merit of containing at the end lists of engravings after her works, of pictures and their owners, etc., etc. It is compiled from various foreign sources, and contains a number of hitherto unpublished letters. The author makes liberal use of quotations, and allows her authorities to disagree with delightful impartiality, so that a reading of the book is somewhat confusing. Her use of italics is a complete mystery to us. However, if any mortal takes to-day a great interest in the faded and genteelly sentimental ghost of Angelica, he may be safely recommended to this book as one in which he can find about all that is known and a great deal that is guessed about her life.

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The celebrated 'Letters of a Portuguese Nun' (Marianna Alcoforado) have been translated anew by Mr. Edgar Prestage (London: D. Nutt). This is the first English translation since 1808, if the American translation of 1890 is left out, and a very good, spirited piece of work it is. Mr. Prestage has made use of Asse's edition (French) of 1889, and has placed immediately after his translation a reprint of the text of the first French edition of the Letters (1669). His work stands the comparison with the French, the original Portuguese being lost. He has caught the spirit and given a faithful rendering at the same time, though one could wish that his English were occasionally a little more quaint and old-fashioned and so nearer in savor to the language of the French version. The book is admirably printed, with red titles and initial letters, and is furnished with an instructive introduction, an appendix, containing a full bibliography, and a rendering into verse of the Letters themselves from a volume of poems published in London in 1713.

Under the title 'A Brief History of Panics and their Periodical Occurrence in the United States' (Putnams), Mr. De Courcy W. Thom offers a translation, or adaptation, of part of an essay upon commercial crises by M. Clément Juglar, with an introduction and comments of his own. In spite of the fact that M. Juglar's essay, which embraced England and France as well as the United States, was awarded a prize by the French Institute, we do not think that it exhibits any clear comprehension of our financial history and the causes of our financial disturbances, nor are Mr. Thom's comments of any particular value. By the cruel irony of fate, his book, which bears the date 1893, closes with a declaration that the circumstances justified "the prediction of the steady development of a prosperous period." But it must be admitted that many other prophets have come to grief within the last few months.

Four volumes of the "Social Science Series," published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co. and imported by Scribners, are before us. 'Ferdinand Lassalle as a Social Reformer,' by Edward Bernstein, may have its interest for those who follow the intricacies of German Social Democracy; 'The New Reformation and Its Relation to Moral and Social Problems,' by Ramsden Balforth, is a serious attempt "on the part of a mind nursed in scepticism to search out the truth and to formulate for itself a constructive religious faith"; 'The Agricultural Laborer,' by T. E. Kebbel, is a new edition of an essay based upon the reports of the English Agricultural Commissions; and 'The Eight-Hours Question,' by John M. Robertson, is a protest by a frightened Radical against too much radicalism.

'Poor's Manual of Railroads' for 1893 includes the usual features of this standard work, and continues the effort to tabulate the companies alphabetically. Such tabulation is obviously rendered difficult by the different dates at which the companies publish their annual financial statements, but the companies are now arranged under two alphabetical lists—the first of companies whose fiscal year ends June 30, the second of those reporting to December 31. This, for convenient reference, is a great improvement over the old grouping by States, but it is unfortunate that a complete and single alphabetical arrangement of names is not practicable. Perhaps the most interesting item in the current 'Manual' is the record of outstanding unfunded debt, which has increased from $5,105,902,025 in 1891 to $5,463,611,204 in 1892. The special danger to large corporations, in this year of tight money, has been the constant maturing and renewal of so vast a volume of time loans.

Prof. Newcomer's 'Practical Course in English Composition' (Ginn & Co.) differs pleasingly from the horde of current text-books on the subject in deserting entirely the field of "rhetoric," with its endless discussions of proper uses of words and approved forms of sentence-structure. Instead, it points out to the student the various ways in which observation and experience may furnish him with themes, and sets forth the general principles on which success in any given *genre* depends. The book is designed primarily for use in high schools and academies, and its general tone is that of adaptation to immature students.

Mrs. Alfred Barton's 'Stories from Waverley,' a fourth edition of which has just reappeared in Macmillan's School Library, deserves its success, for it presents the plots of five of Scott's most entertaining novels not only in a form appropriate for young children, but in a fashion that really preserves some of the charm and vigor of the original. As much can scarcely be said for the 'Tales from Spenser' in the same series, but here the task was a harder one, and, in spite of obvious imperfections, the version will still hold a child's interest and stimulate his imagination.

Thomas Archer's 'The Highway of Letters and its Echoes of Famous Footsteps' (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.) derives its somewhat bombastic title from Fleet Street and its varied literary associations, with which the author finds (or forces) a connection for almost every fact in the history of English literature that could be relied upon to catch the attention of the desultory reader. The book is not for the scholar, who will find in it little or nothing which is new, and will miss any attempt on the part of the author to give his authorities for even the most striking facts which he presents. That *rara avis*, the "general reader," may, however, be interested in turning its pages, and pecking here and there at its hoard of anecdotes. The addition of a good folding-map of London would save American readers many a topographical puzzle.

The *Geographical Journal* for July contains the annual address of the President of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir M. E. Grant Duff. It is an interesting summary of the work of the Society as well as of the progress of geography during the past year. The important statement is made that henceforth the Government of India will furnish the Society with all the historical and statistical information contained in the reports of officers engaged in explorations and surveys. These reports have hitherto been regarded as confidential, and it is only after "long discussions" that this concession has been made. Count Pfeil describes Southwest Africa from an economical point of view. His conclusions are not very encouraging. None of the region visited, which includes both British and German territory, is fit for agriculture; and although there are to be found fine pasture lands, yet a large part is absolutely worthless desert, and the whole suffers from want of water. The climate, however, is "bracing, salubrious, and lovely." Dr. H. Schlichter contributes a paper showing what historical evidence there is as to the Zimbabwe ruins. Although this is of an entirely indirect character, it seems to prove the truth of Mr. Bent's assertion that the buildings were erected by the Arabs some time before the Christian era. Mr. Delmar Morgan summarizes the work of the Russian explorers, Col. Pevtsof and M. Bogdanovitch, in Chinese Turkistan. An excellent map accompanies this paper.

We read in the Paris *Débats* for July 22 of discontent among the inhabitants of Neuilly with their annual fair, which regularly lasts a fortnight, and is apt to be protracted a week by the authorities. So the Mayor has resorted to a voluntary referendum to decide whether the longer or the shorter period has most advocates. Only three or four times has such an experiment been made in French history, says the *Débats*, and it proceeds to argue that the vote is not likely to satisfy, even if a full one. Those least inconvenienced by the fair, by reason of living at a distance, and who will probably, therefore, be tolerant of it, will count for as much as the most interested because the nearest to the scene and the most annoyed. In other words, the dispute is not a proper one for settlement in the manner proposed.

In the *Portfolio* for July (Macmillan), the editor comments on the vote of "French artists already recompensed" by which the majority awarded the medal of honor for *the* picture of the year to M. Roybet, painter of the "Propos Galants." This distinction Mr. Hamerton thinks surprising because the canvas in question runs counter to the New Criticism in so many particulars, as, that the theme is fairly to be called literary; the composition has been carefully studied; "the subject is full of costume, and it is not of the present day"; the technique is strong, honest, and unflinchingly laborious throughout, with "none of those great empty spaces which, in so much recent painting, seem as interesting as deserts in a map"; there is no pretension of a study of values, though the values are plainly right, nor display of execution, though exceptional manual power is exhibited, etc. "The cause for rejoicing in this instance is that once again the sound old principles have triumphed over the vanities and affectations that sometimes win a little temporary notoriety."

M. Henri Rauline, present architect of the Church of the Sacred Heart now building at Montmartre, technically describes the edifice—a patriotic ex-voto of the trials of 1870—with illustrations in the *Architectural Record* for the current quarter (vol. iii., No. 1). Analyzing the receipts up to January 1, 1893 (25,873,000 francs), he mentions (2) "the gifts of from 20 to 500 francs, each donor of which can have his initials marked on a stone set apart for him in the edifice," and (3) "the gifts of from 1,000 to 100,000 francs, to the subscribers of which are conceded columns and pillars, in the capitals of which they can have their names or arms sculptured." In fact, the photographic plate on p. 27, "in the chapel of the chevet," shows several stones in the recessed wall inscribed with private names, and four columns each bearing a name at the foot save one, which is carved "Anonyme." The church does not rest on its own soil, which is a dangerous combination of clay and sands, but on shafts sunk to the gypsum substratum of Paris, filled with rubble and cement, and then connected at the top by arches.

We understand that Miss Mary Proctor, daughter of the late Prof. Richard A. Proctor, is making arrangements to give a series of lectures on astronomy for children all over the country during the coming season. The course consists of three lectures, entitled "The Goblins in Starland," "The Stories of the Stars," and "Giant Sun and his Family." Miss Proctor will also deliver a lecture, specially suitable for normal schools, on "How to Teach Astronomy to Children." She has already given

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these lectures at Chicago during the World's Fair.

—Among the all too numerous exhibits at the World's Fair which are either overlooked entirely or fail of just appreciation, is that of a popular library shown by the Bureau of Education in the United States Building. The books composing it form part of a selection of 5,000 volumes (exactly, 5,230) made by a committee of the American Library Association "who passed upon the suggestions of about seventy-five librarians and specialists." They are the gifts of the respective publishers, American and foreign, and will, at the close of the Exposition, be deposited permanently with the Bureau of Education at Washington. A service of this nature would have been sadly deficient without a catalogue, and the "A. L. A." has actually provided three, of which two are given in the recent pamphlet issue No. 200 of the Bureau. These are classed (*a*) according to the decimal classification, and (*b*) according to the expansive classification; a dictionary catalogue is yet to come. Wherever, then, it is desired to found a public library of the size indicated, any benevolent person or board of trustees has ready to hand not only a good working list of books, logically grouped, with date of publication, name and address of publisher, and price, but also "the proper class numbers, dictionary headings, and author entries"—in other words, a model for arranging on the shelves and cataloguing. Women graduates of the New York State Library School at Albany have had the brunt of this disinterested labor. Two sections, Biography and Fiction, on account of their length, have been set apart in advance of the classifications, in neither of which are they repeated. Juvenile publications, it may be well to notice, are not separated from the mass. Standard works, like the more voluminous biographies, are often supplemented by popular abridgments (using the word in a loose sense), *e. g.*, Lanfrey's Napoleon by Seeley's, Curtis's Webster by Lodge's, etc., so that a ready choice is afforded if the full list prove too costly. It only remains to add that owners of private libraries will also find their account, for stocking purposes, in this intelligent selection.

—Mr. Lecky's presidential address before the Birmingham and Midland Institute last October has been reprinted with additions as a thin book (Appletons). Its theme is the "Political Value of History," and it is replete with sound remarks on the danger of superficial comparison of past times with the present—especially as a ground of prediction—on the cherishing of obsolete issues, on the utility of studying the history of institutions, on the two schools (represented by Buckle and Carlyle) of historic fatalism or necessitarian evolution, and of heroic individualism, as determining the course of human affairs, etc., etc. There is one distinct reference to the present Home-Rule controversy, with a suggestion of the lecturer's Unionism; and perhaps we may detect an allusion to the same burning question in his insistence "that there has scarcely been a great revolution in the world which might not, at some stage of its progress, have been either averted, or materially modified, or at least greatly postponed, by wise statesmanship and timely compromise." For this he draws an illustration from our American Revolutionary history, as he had already done in his 'England in the Eighteenth Century,' apropos of the Stamp Act—an argument which shows how little he has comprehended the causes of the Revolution. All these causes existed and were manifested in the contest for the Massachusetts charter resulting in the overthrow of Andros a century before, and made ultimate independence inevitable; yet Mr. Lecky speaks of the project to tax the colonies for a standing army as, "such and so small," "the *original* cause of difference between England and her colonies." All the compromisers of the slavery issue from 1787 to 1861 thought they had averted the inevitable as well as postponed it. But what interest was served by postponement, and what was the penalty for all our wise and timely statesmanship? We may well ask, also, what is the use of seeking to prolong the open sore in Ireland, even supposing it possible?

—Mr. George Moore has gathered together a number of articles on subjects connected with art (most of which seem to have been published originally in the *Speaker*), and the Scribners have published them under the title of 'Modern Painting.' In style they are a singular mixture of preciosity and sloppiness, and in substance they are a jeremiad on the decay of art and "the failure of the nineteenth century." According to Mr. Moore, everything is wrong—French art education is bad and English worse. French artists to-day are divided into "pedants" and "experimentalists," and one group is as wrong as the other, while English art is disintegrated by French influence. He admires a few men, but Ingres and Manet are dead, and Whistler and Degas are not young, and he admits that Manet's example led straight to the latest developments of impressionism, which are detestable. Then there are the Royal Academy and the dealer and the Alderman to complete our ruin. It is really pathetic. "Be sure," he says, "that after five years of the Beaux-Arts you cannot become a great painter. Be sure that after five years of Kensington you can never become a painter at all." But the natural question of where one *should* obtain one's education he "does not propose to answer directly"—they never do. Only he tells the lamentable tale of how Renoir, after attaining a personal style, went to Venice, saw Tintoretto, found that he had forgotten to learn to draw, and went into an art school, and "in two years he had utterly destroyed every trace of the charming and delightful art which had taken him twenty years to build up." It *is* a "tragic story," but how if Renoir had learned to draw in the first place? Of Manet he says: "No one painted better, no one will ever paint better," and then leaves one wondering what he can mean by painting when he confesses that Manet's form is always summary and his modelling insufficient. Is mere ease of hand sufficient when it expresses nothing? If, as he admits, Manet is vastly inferior to Hals, who was a pure painter and nothing else, how is Manet as great a painter as ever lived? The fact seems to be that Mr. Moore cares little for other qualities than beauty of technical handling, and that of only one kind. He is equally inconsequential in his treatment of "subject," which he maintains came into art with the nineteenth century and has ruined it. By skipping from the Greeks to the sixteenth century, he manages to make a plausible case, which would have been utterly ruined if he had considered the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance. The best things in his book are paraphrases from Fromentin, which he uses somewhat freely and with no indication of their origin. And this is what Mr. Moore calls "The New Art Criticism"!

—Prof. Auguste Angellier has set himself the impossible task of making Frenchmen understand and appreciate Robert Burns. It is wrong, however, to say "impossible," for M. Angellier is a living proof that a Frenchman may penetrate the spirit of the Scottish lyrist. His two large, thick, close-printed octavo volumes (Paris: Hachette) seem at first glance altogether too long and too full. What can be said of Burns that requires so much print? But M. Angellier is justified in large measure. To make his compatriots understand Burns he has to make them understand Scotland and the Scotch, the Lowland Scotch, of whom Burns was the poet. To this purpose he has devoted many pages, and has given excellent descriptions of Scottish character, feeling, and peculiarities. It is, indeed, quite remarkable how fully M. Angellier has been able to inform himself on these points and to give, in his voluminous work, a clear and satisfactory account of what he has learned. Certainly he is too minute in his analysis of the poet's life—it often becomes wearisome; but he has not bestowed too much space on his study of the country and the people. That he has succeeded in translating some of the songs with a minimum loss of beauty and truth is infinitely to his credit; that he has failed in many cases to render the peculiar savor and grace of the original is not to be wondered at: broad Scotch is rebellious to translation as much as is Parisian *esprit*. It must be enjoyed in the original. Probably not many Frenchmen will follow in M. Angellier's footsteps, though he hints at Allan Ramsay's work as worthy of notice by aspiring seekers after new fields. What is encouraging in it is the proof that the French are beginning to study other literatures in earnest, and to bring to that study a genuine spirit of inquiry instead of the somewhat amused superciliousness which once characterized them. If Taine had done nothing more for France than this, he would still deserve all the praise which men rightly lay at his feet.

PERSIA AND THE PERSIAN QUESTION.

Persia and the Persian Question. By the Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P. Longmans, Green & Co. 1892.

THESE two bulky volumes are a very creditable record of diligence and ability, for they contain a great mass of information which it must have cost the author many months to collect, and they bear witness not only to his talent, but to the width of his culture. It is satisfactory to see that a young politician who executes rapid travels with the aim of mastering the problems of the day, is also keenly interested in history and archæology, and has the patient industry needed to accumulate and digest a great deal of matter contained in the writings of his predecessors. To some extent the book suffers from the very merit of its comprehensiveness. It contains a mass of information, geographical and historical, which the so-called general reader, whether he reads a narrative of travel for his entertainment, or a discussion of current political questions for his enlightenment, does not require and may not appreciate. On the other hand, its discussions of the present relations of the Persian monarchy to Russia, to the Afghans, and to Great Britain are not needed by the scholar or historian, and will in a few years be out of date. The book is in fact a combination of several magazine articles, ephemeral in manner if not altogether in substance, with a full and painstaking description of the country and people; and although an excellent table of contents and index will enable the reader of the future to make the permanent part of it

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available for his purposes, the reader of the present suffers by the disparity of the matter and the treatment. The difficulties of fitting in a record of personal experiences in travel with systematic description are, however, so great that no one will blame the author for the defects we have noticed, though it may be worth his while to try to diminish them in another edition by some changes of arrangement, and to get out of the "leading article" style in which a good deal of the book is written. There remains so much that is interesting and useful that a reviewer ought rather to be willing to express appreciation than prone to dwell upon blemishes.

The picture presented of the actual condition of the kingdom is a dismal one. It could not be otherwise if it were to be faithful. There is still some intellectual life left in the Persian race, as no one who sees the Persians can doubt, and as every one who knows Persian literature will be glad to believe. But there is also not only a detestable and apparently hopeless system of government, but a conspicuous moral decadence. The falsity of the people among whom, as Herodotus relates, education consisted in teaching the youth to shoot with the bow and to speak the truth, has now become proverbial even in the not too veracious East. Everybody is venal, from the Shah downwards. All sorts of repulsive vices are rampant, and the Government sets, by its horrible punishments, an example of cruelty to its subjects. No native Persian can accumulate capital, because he would immediately be plundered by the Government or some member of it, or made to pay ruinous blackmail. Large enterprises, therefore, naturally fall into the hands of foreigners, who of course are usually obliged to fall in with the local standard of integrity, and whose undertakings are at the mercy of a capricious sovereign with just enough knowledge of civilized countries to wish to attain their ends without using the requisite means of economy, perseverance, justice, and good faith.

Mr. Curzon, who seems to have had a friendly reception, and who quite properly seeks, both as an obliged traveller and as an Englishman jealous of Russian influence, to avoid offending the Shah and his Ministers any more than truth absolutely requires, draws for us a melancholy picture of a crumbling Government and a people apparently effete. The resources of the country are believed to be great, but are for the most part neglected. The population is less than five millions, though the area is about 650,000 square miles. The revenue is small and irregular, the army is practically useless. While such a country had only barbarous or semi-civilized neighbors, like the Afghans to the east, the Turkomans to the north, and the Turks on the west, it was able to maintain itself and even occasionally make conquests, as Nadir Shah carried his arms far into Hindustan. But since Russia has crept down from the northwest, and now holds the whole northern border from Mt. Ararat to the Heri-Rud and Merv, the position has wholly changed. It is not too much to say that Persia is now virtually at the mercy of the Czar. Ten thousand Russian troops could conquer the country, and would indeed encounter no serious resistance; nor does anything prevent that conquest being effected to-morrow, except the hesitation of Russia to enter on a course which might involve a breach with England, and which, even supposing that war with England were avoided, would impose a strain upon those financial and military resources which she desires to keep unimpaired in the not improbable event of a struggle with Austria and Germany. To govern the vast area of Persia, to reduce the nomad tribes to some sort of order, still more to develop the country in such a way as to make it pay the cost of administration, would involve a large initial outlay which might seriously add to the already grave financial embarrassments of the great Slavic Empire.

People in Europe credit Russia with a desire to obtain a foothold on the Persian Gulf, and thereby free access to the ocean, from which she is barred on the Baltic and the Arctic Seas by the frosts of winter and on the Black Sea by the Turkish command of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. But on the Persian Gulf, even supposing she were prepared to attempt the creation of a fortified post and arsenal at so vast a distance from her base of strength in European Russia, she would find herself confronted by the superior naval power of England, which is predominant at Muscat on the opposite coast of the Gulf of Oman. There is, therefore, no reason to apprehend any immediate forward movement on the part of Russia, and it is quite possible (so uncertain are the vistas of the future in everything which concerns Russia) that Persia may never be added to her dominions. Mr. Curzon blames his countrymen for not having given her a more efficient support against Russia, but does not point out how it is possible for England to arrest the progress of Russian advance or seriously to counterwork the Russian influence which he so much deplores, otherwise, of course, than by threats of war, which he does not seem to recommend.

More interesting to the American reader than these political speculations, which recur so frequently in his book, are the descriptions it contains of the character and habits of the people and of the remains of antiquity. Mr. Curzon exerted himself to visit the ruins of Persepolis, the famous rock sculptures and inscriptions of Behistun, and the huge mounds of Susa, which have recently been explored first by the Englishman Loftus, then by the Frenchman Dieulafoy. His description of Persepolis is very minute, and will be found the more useful because it is illustrated by a number of woodcuts and contains a résumé of the various theories advanced regarding the age of the respective buildings and tombs. Speaking generally, the topographical parts of Mr. Curzon's book (such as his interesting account of the Persian Gulf ports) are the best, for he is a painstaking observer and a diligent collector of what others have said. He writes, moreover, with clearness and simplicity, escaping the somewhat florid and declamatory style which pervades his political discussions and reviews of history, and which is especially to be deprecated in a book intended to serve more than a temporary purpose. The same remark applies to the expressions of opinion on recent questions of English party politics. Politicians naturally fall into these, but they are very frigid when read a few years hence, and no one who contemplates more than a short life for his book ought to indulge in them. The solid matter which these volumes contain will, we trust, insure for it a place in geographical libraries.

ALCOTT'S MEMOIRS.

A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy. By F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris. Two vols. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Wordsworth, when asked why he printed his "White Doe of Rylstone" in quarto, replied that it was to do justice to his own sense of the importance of the work. There is little doubt that the biographers of Mr. Alcott have been partly influenced by this same motive in devoting nearly seven hundred pages to his memoirs. It is impossible for the reader not to feel some doubts as to this selection of a canvas so ample, especially when compared with the undue reserve and brevity of Mr. Cabot's memoir of Emerson. The criticism will not be diminished by the discovery in the book of many pages which would, among the world's people, be called padding. Thus, we come very soon upon two pages from Morse's *Gazetteer*, descriptive of Connecticut (pp. 26–7), followed by two pages made up from the Life of Colonel Dabney in regard to Virginia, coupled with a page and a half from an anonymous writer, and followed by nearly a page from Henry Adams, all on the same subject (pp. 60–5). Then there is a page and a half giving Dr. Johnson's opinion of Milton (pp. 173–4), two pages of details about Jones Very (pp. 297–8), a page given to the biography of Garrison (p. 438), a page and a half to Theodore Parker (pp. 367–8), and more than half a page to George of Cappadocia (p. 429), whose connection with the narrative lies in the fact that this mythical saint dealt in bacon, and that Mr. Alcott bought in Concord an old house previously occupied by a pig-driver. It is difficult to avoid some vexation at these digressions, but it is fair to say that they are not really to be regarded as conscious padding, but are part and parcel of the rather desultory way in which Mr. Sanborn likes to tell a story.

We speak of Mr. Sanborn as the responsible author of the main narrative, although another trial to the reader's heart occurs in the tardy postponement of information as to the actual identity of the author. There are the names of two writers on the title-page; and although it was doubtless intended to convey the interpretation that Mr. Sanborn was responsible for the "Life" and Dr. Harris for the "Philosophy," yet this is by no means a necessary inference, and will not occur to the majority of readers until they have read the book. Again and again, in the first volume, we find in the footnotes, "I visited this house," or "I believe" so-and-so; and it is not until page 256 that this first person singular has with it the explanatory parenthesis "(F. B. S.)." It is not until we reach the very last chapter and find it credited exclusively to Dr. Harris that we discover where the real line of cleavage between the authors occurs; but it would have been a convenience to have known from the beginning.

Nevertheless a debt of gratitude is due to those who have made of their work such a labor of love in behalf of one of the most important minor figures of that "Transcendental" movement which had so important an influence on our intellectual development. That the present biographers class him as one of the *dii majores* is perhaps to the advantage of their work; probably the first biographers of an eminent man should always overestimate him in order to present his full case before the world. At the time of Mr. Alcott's death, a ready tribute to his marked and individual qualities was paid in these columns, nor can we see that his biographers have added much to the summary then given, though both have brought out more fully his pioneer work in the educational field; and Dr. Harris has made for him, in the philosophical region, claims such as never before have been fully stated. The stress laid on Emerson's high estimate of him seems a little over-emphasized; it is one of the

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most amiable qualities of great men to exaggerate the merits of those around them, as Darwin unquestionably did in the case of Herbert Spencer, and Emerson in that of Alcott. It belonged to the quality of Mr. Alcott's mind to enunciate solemnly a vast number of detached statements, more or less mystical, and given utterly without winnowing. In looking back on these Orphic sayings it is perfectly practicable to select a series which would give him rank, as Dr. Harris suggests, with Proclus and Plotinus; but it is unfair to quote these alone as a part of his history and to reprove his public for not appreciating them, without admitting that he also heaped upon that public a vast number of platitudes and some grotesque paradoxes. After all, the merit of a thinker does not lie only in his occasional glimpses of high thought, but in his power to impress those thoughts upon at least a selected public. Emerson and Theodore Parker stamped themselves upon their time; it is impossible to write the history of American thought without reckoning with them. Alcott, Hedge, W. H. Channing, and Margaret Fuller Ossoli also contributed in a very important way to the total influence of Transcendentalism; but it is quite impossible to place their work on the same plane, historically speaking, with that of the others.

So far as Messrs. Sanborn and Harris have provided materials for this interesting phase of history, their work is of great value; and it is, from this point of view, easier to pardon them for giving too much than the biographer of Emerson for giving so little. In Cabot's Emerson we had one reticent man describing another; in this case we have a man who had no reticence described by writers habitually discursive and possessing a wealth of detailed information which almost, though not quite, condones that fault. It is further to be noted, however, that in books, as in conversation, the man who pours upon us a good deal which we do not want is apt at the same time to omit accidentally the very things we most needed to know; and this book is no exception to this common experience. There are one or two points of the greatest interest in connection with Mr. Alcott's individuality upon which those who knew him will seek information with great eagerness in these volumes, but will seek it in vain. One of these points, for instance, was Mr. Alcott's peculiar views and habits as to the use of money. He is credited by his main biographer with "austere principles" (p. 355), and yet there is enough revealed in these pages to suggest in action the kind of austerity attributed to Harold Skimpole rather than that of Cato the Censor. So far does this go that his biographer seems rather swayed by this same attitude, and speaks with a certain contempt (p. 319) of "the Boston money-lender" whom Mr. Alcott himself describes as "N——, a dapperling who treads 'Change, and once lent me a round thousand during my days of prosperity." A jocose description is then given of the despicable moral position of this man, who had committed the high offence of lending the reformer, apparently from sympathy alone, the money on which his enterprise was based, and who had ventured so far as to ask Mr. Alcott, in a bookstore, how his affairs prospered. The diarist sternly adds: "I resumed my reading without selling my thought to the Mammon King." But not a word is given to show whether the Mammon King ever again saw the "round thousand," or, if so, who paid it; or, above all, whether it ever occurred to the debtor as a burden on his conscience. When Emerson, with his unequalled gift for characterization, described Alcott as "a haughty beneficiary," he hit nearer the mark than those who apply the word "austere."

Nevertheless, in these very passages the biographer at least hints at one of Mr. Alcott's weak points, if he fails to elucidate it. But the most curious feature of his book is the absolute omission of that singular reversion to his early beliefs which took possession of Mr. Alcott's latter life, and made him, alone among the leading Transcendentalists, an absolute deserter at one main point from their camp of faith. It is a serious reproach to this memoir, in respect to candor and accuracy, that the name of Joseph Cook does not appear in the index. It must be remembered that no one, among all the Transcendental leaders, took so early or so aggressively the humanitarian or non-Christian view as did Mr. Alcott. As is shown in this work (p. 99), he firmly assumed this position in his Diary in 1827, when Theodore Parker was a boy of seventeen; and the tone in which he habitually spoke of "that fair Hebrew youth" was one of the points which most scandalized the good church-goers among his auditors. Nay, he made it almost a test among his contemporaries that they should hold firmly to this attitude, he being in this respect more consistent than his comrades. It was an infinite amazement to his early friends and perhaps proselytes when, under the profuse and cordial flatteries of Mr. Cook, he was wont to hold forth as the favored guest in that gentleman's hospitable parlors—being habitually introduced to new-comers as "Mr. Alcott, the American Plato"—frankly admitting that he had returned to his early Trinitarian and Calvinistic position, and speaking with some superior censure of those who still held the views which he himself had taught them. He was still, no doubt, the hardest man in the world to keep to any definite doctrine; but of the utter reversion of attitude there was no question. To omit it is to leave out the most curious and perhaps most instructive phase in his whole career. This change is admitted, though insufficiently, by Dr. Harris (p. 627), whose treatment of the whole theme is more judicial than that of his coadjutor; but Mr. Sanborn does not once allude to it. Yet without it the description (p. 530) of his marvellous Western journey of seven months, at the age of eighty-one, when he made addresses or held conversations at the rate of more than one a day, Sundays included, conveys a wholly false impression. The wonderful fact, as there stated, that he brought home $1,000 of his own earning was largely explained by the fact that he now had the evangelical endorsement behind him, given with all the more ardor because Trinitarians claimed him, not without seeming reason, as the captive of their theological bow and spear. It was not, in their estimate, that they had come to him, but that he had come to them. As the friend of Emerson, he had returned from a tour of Western lecturing with a single dollar in his pocket (p. 476); as the friend and supposed convert of Joseph Cook, then at the height of popularity, he brought back a thousand dollars (p. 531).

With all the merits of this book, it must be said that to omit from the main narrative all reference to this extraordinary change of attitude in Mr. Alcott is a defect hard to pardon. Yet the biography, as a whole, adds much that is interesting to the body of material which is slowly being collected for the future author of a literary work which ought to take its place on the shelf with Boswell's 'Johnson' and Lockhart's 'Scott'—the history of Emerson and his friends.

RECENT NOVELS.

Ansel's Cave: A Story of Early Life in the Western Reserve. By A. G. Riddle. Cleveland: The Burrows Bros. Co.

Marked "Personal." By Anna Katharine Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In Blue Uniform: An Army Novel. By George I. Putnam. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE story of 'Ansel's Cave,' as told by Mr. Riddle, affords an hour or two of reading not entirely without interest. In spite of careless writing, there is a constant progress of the narrative to its end. A plot of considerable improbability is rapidly developed by a generous disregard of points of minor importance, while the author's evident impatience with the necessities of art, which require skilful transitions and deft introductions, results in a "reportorial" breeziness and an absence of digression that insure safety from dulness. The Western Reserve was a portion of northern Ohio reserved by Connecticut from the grant of Charles II. to the Duke of York. It was settled largely by New Englanders, and the story gives one something of an idea of the task required to prepare a forest country for the plough. Mr. Riddle does not take advantage, however, of the possibilities afforded by fiction for making a picture full of life and ideality. His local color is but bare facts, after all, and one will find them equally well observed and set down in Horace Greeley's book; and in Grant's Memoirs, we take it, the glimpses one gets of that pioneer life from the story of Grant's boyhood are clearer and truer than could be had by any effort at romancing. The cave which gives a name to the story really plays a very unimportant part. It is described with a precision which leads one to believe that it actually exists; but as far as the need of the tale is concerned, it is an extraneous "property." What wit there is in the book, like the style, smacks of the newspaper. There is an evident appreciation of humor on the part of the author, but he lacks the touch which is capable of suggesting the remote analogies and essential incongruities which Lowell says alone deserve the name of humor.

The world of the imagination, in spite of utilitarianism, still has its advocates. The popularity which sensational novels frequently obtain is due to the fact that they are really strongly imagined. This is true at least of Anna Katharine Green's novels. 'Marked "Personal"' is of a piece with the other stories in this author's constantly growing list. It is full of incident, mystery, and wonderful coincidences. The characters are not without some resemblance to human beings, and they are constantly "on the go." They are either doing something or having something done to them from the first page to the last. But, after all, the chief element which attracts the bulk of the readers who enjoy such stories is that of the imagination. It is only in the realm of the imaginary world—imaginary in spite of the names of Washington streets and New York avenues—that men either take or keep such dreadful oaths as the one which furnishes the key to all the mystery of 'Marked "Personal."' We should hardly be true to our office if we neglected to warn the jaded novel-reader that he will meet once more, for a hero, the young man who is forced by circumstances into marrying a certain woman; for a heroine, that woman; that he will see them fall in love and flounder about in miserable ignorance of the kindness fate has in store for them until the proper moment arrives for their enlightenment.

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It is refreshing to read the first novel of a man who is not entirely devoid of the literary sense, and who approaches his task with the vigor and energy of one who is bent more on telling his story than on filling so many pages. If, besides, the story turns out to have been worth the telling, and the scenes somewhat novel and amusing, a grateful reader can forgive the introduction of a few worn-out artifices and worked-over surprises which surprise no one. The young lady who leaves her art studies in Paris and New York to visit an army post in Texas, her inevitable love affair with the young lieutenant, the martinet colonel and the drunken soldier who proves eventually to be the colonel's abandoned son, are necessary, perhaps, as machinery to carry along Mr. Putnam's panorama of army life. But Capt. Lyndon, with his theories and his fatal shot at the escaping Burton, is a revelation to the civilian mind. His disappointment in regard to Millicent and his lieutenant's success in the same quarter are perhaps a rather palpable seeking for contrast; but the pictures of army life in time of peace, the easy characterization of brother officers, the pleasantly narrated incidents—in fact, the larger portion of the book, which seems to have almost written itself, is excellent.

An Historical Sketch of Bookbinding. By S. T. Prideaux, with a chapter on early stamped bindings by E. Gordon Duff. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1893.

Les Relieurs Français (1500–1800); Biographie Critique et Anecdotique. Par Ernest Thoinan. Paris: Paul, Huard et Guillemin; New York: J. W. Bouton.

Catalogue des Relieurs de Style et objets artistiques en cuir ciselé, exposé par L'on Gruel, relieur. Paris. 1893.

THE catalogue of the extraordinarily rich loan collection of bookbindings shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in London two years ago was preceded by a brief sketch of the history of the bibliopegic art by Miss Prideaux. This sketch she has now somewhat expanded, appending her most valuable bibliography of bookbinding and three ancillary essays, on embroidered book-covers, on the use of metal in bound books, and on book-edge decoration. In spite of a certain want of proportion in her treatment of the subject, this is probably the best English summary of the history of the art. If only it were illustrated, however simply, it would be just the book to recommend to the book-lovers who have a vague general liking for binding without any exact knowledge on the subject. A discussion of the successive epochs in the development and decadence of any of the arts of design must needs be illustrated. No description of a decoration is a tithe as effective as the baldest sketch.

In this respect M. Thoinan's study of the growth of bookbinding in France is far superior to Miss Prideaux's. Nowhere else can one get so complete a bird's-eye view of the successive changes and transformations of the art as can be had by turning over the pages of M. Thoinan's book and comparing the series of thirty outline drawings of carefully selected typical bookbindings. The text, also, is more carefully prepared than Miss Prideaux's, and M. Thoinan has a firmer comprehension of the underlying principles of art and of the close interrelation of the decorative arts. This last quality is one which every student of bookbinding must cultivate, although very few writers on the subject have as yet seen its full importance. The art of bookbinding is only one of the decorative arts, and it was influenced again and again by its sister arts. The arabesques of the Oriental tile-makers reappear in the ornaments of the Aldine printing-house and on the covers of the books bound for Grolier; the graceful curves and interlacings of the Henry II. pottery reappear on the covers of the books of Diana of Poictiers; the tools of Derome were copied from the intricate patterns of the very skilful workers in wrought iron who were his contemporaries. These are relations which M. Thoinan sees clearly, as M. Marius-Michel had seen them and set them forth before.

In another respect Miss Prideaux's sketch is inferior to M. Thoinan's. She cannot help being British. Again and again she admits the justice of the assertion of M. de Laborde, taken by M. Thoinan for his epigraph: "La reliure est un art tout français"; on pp. 26 and 71, and elsewhere, she is as frank in acknowledging French supremacy as any one could ask; but none the less does she insist on discussing the bindings made for this or that British sovereign as though these rude efforts were of any consequence. On the other hand, her treatment of Roger Payne, a topic in the discussion of which British writers on binding generally lose their heads, is eminently sane. A bookbinder herself, with a craftsman's knowledge of the craft, and a careful and loving student of the great French binders, Miss Prideaux knows that Roger Payne's is not one of the great names in the history of bookbinding. "He was the first English binder," she says, "who endeavored to make his ornaments appropriate to the character of the book on which he put them, and his designs, though not important in composition, are distinctly original, and look well on the straight-grain morocco then in fashion." In other words, he was a conscientious artisan, but he was not a first-rate artist.

In fact, the British had never developed any real originality in bookbinding until Mr. Cobden-Sanderson revealed to us the possibilities of novel and modern beauty which still inhere in the art so many had called outworn and dead. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is not only original, but he has a distinct style of his own—a style which others can and do borrow. There are in New York to-day half-a-dozen books bound by Mr. Zaehnsdorf in London which are not copies of any one of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's bindings, but which are obviously the result of an attempt to imitate his style and to assimilate his method. No doubt certain of the Englishman's earlier efforts, in which the whole work of "forwarding" and "finishing" had been done by himself and his wife, are deficient technically; they do not open easily, for one thing, and it is difficult to use the books without breaking their backs. But these defects are not to be found in the later books from "The Doves Bindery," as Mr. Cobden-Sanderson now calls the workshop which he directs.

If it were not for Mr. Cobden-Sanderson in England, and for M. Marius-Michel and two or three others in France, one might despair of the bibliopegic art, for nearly all the rest of its practitioners are content to copy the old masters. Here, for example, is M. Léon Gruel, the catalogue of whose exhibit at Chicago is the third book on our list. M. Gruel is a devout student of the history of the art; to him we owe the important suggestion that the mysterious Gascon is perhaps Florimond Badier. He is a most accomplished craftsman. The bindings he displays in Chicago are most beautiful in execution; and fine as are the photographic reproductions in this catalogue, they scarcely do justice to the originals. But they are wholly lacking in originality; they are modified copies, or sometimes exact copies, of the works of the bookbinders of the past. They have no note of their own; they bear no impress of their own time. Miss Prideaux tells us how the commercial bookbinders of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made blocks to copy mechanically the hand-wrought designs invented for book-lovers of fine taste. In this last quarter of the nineteenth century the commercial bookbinders are more original than the custom-binders—or, at least, the designs prepared for the leading publishers of America are more original, more interesting, and of a truth more artistic than those copies of old decorations which the best binders of Paris are now putting on new books.

It remains to be noted only that M. Thoinan's book, besides the history of the successive styles of binding, contains also a full account of the corporation of Parisian binders, based on laborious studies in the archives. It includes, further, a dictionary of binders and of writers about binding. Especially noteworthy in this dictionary are the articles on the unknown Gascon and on Florimond Badier.

The Silver Situation in the United States. By F. W. Taussig. [Questions of the Day.] G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

NONE can question the propriety of labelling the subject treated by Prof. Taussig as one of the questions of the day; and as he brings the history down to the close of 1892, his work is not yet out of date. Within the year, it is to be hoped, he will have to add to it another chapter, equal in interest to any that it now contains, and far more comforting to those who desire the honor and stability of our Government. But at present there is nothing to add. The great exportation of gold has taken place since Prof. Taussig wrote, it is true, but it is sufficiently foreshadowed in his book; and as to the causes that brought it about, experience has added nothing to the teachings of theory. The Silver Law is still in force, and though the action of the Indian Government in stopping the coinage of silver is momentous, the change in the situation due to this cause cannot be estimated until Congress has debated and legislated.

We do not hesitate to say that this book is in all respects as excellent as it is opportune. It is extremely concise in statement, numbering only some 130 pages, but everything that is necessary is here. It cannot be read without close attention, but neither can the subject be understood by those who are not willing to give it close attention. The book is divided into two parts, the first, entitled "The Economic Situation," being devoted to an account of our silver legislation and its financial results. This portion is a model of lucid narration. For the events preceding 1878, the year of the Bland Act, reference is made to Prof. Laughlin's 'History of Bimetallism in the United States,' but these events are now of merely historical importance. The succeeding events are divided into four periods, according to the variations in the volume of our silver currency. From a careful study of the quantity of our circulation during these periods, Prof. Taussig reaches the conclusion that the growth of the country is such as to make an annual addition of $30,000,000 to the amount of our currency not more than will be, on the average, required to transact our increased business. He very properly, however, emphasizes the

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importance of reckoning as money the transfers of credit indicated by checks, not only because the volume of money of this kind very far exceeds that of all other kinds, but also because its volume is subject to far more violent fluctuations. The proper recognition of these facts gives to Prof. Taussig's exposition here the highest degree of scientific accuracy that the subject admits of.

In the second part of his essay Prof. Taussig enters upon the field of controversy concerning the use of silver as money, and with excellent judgment he dismisses from consideration the long-exploded fallacies which play so prominent a part in current discussion. He is thus enabled to concentrate attention upon the really valid arguments in favor of bimetallism, and we do not think that any rational bimetallist can complain of the manner in which the arguments against the exclusive use of gold as a standard are stated. In our opinion, also, he gives to these arguments their full weight in reaching his decision, and we do not observe the slightest evidence of bias in his reasoning or of intolerance in his attitude. He concedes to the bimetallists their great contention, holding, in opposition to many writers of authority, that gold has appreciated, which in his view is only another way of saying that prices have fallen. He admits, too, that in itself this would increase the burden of debts, and even that many farmers may have actually suffered from this cause, in connection with certain others that have come into operation. But he argues with overwhelming force, upon the other hand, that improvements in production have more than compensated debtors. His argument is so compact that we can indicate it by a few quotations.

"If A borrows from B a hundred dollars, repayable in five years, and if at the end of the five years prices in general have fallen to one-half of the previous rates, B, in paying back to A the one hundred dollars, clearly returns twice as many commodities as he got. But if, at the same time, the efficiency of labor has been doubled by improvements in production, B can produce with the same labor twice as many commodities as before; and he returns to A the product of the same quantity of labor as he received. . . . It is true the creditor gets more commodities than he gave; but he gets the product of the same amount of labor as he devoted to the commodities originally lent; and why should he not share with the rest of the community the benefits of a general increase in the productiveness of labor? . . . The case clearly differs fundamentally from that of a simple rise in the value of money or general fall in both prices and wages. In the latter case, money incomes as well as the prices of commodities fall, and the debtor really pays back more than he got, not only in terms of commodities, but in terms of labor or sacrifice of income."

Such a case occurred when specie payments were resumed, or rather when resumption was approaching, after the civil war. Such has not been the case, however, since the demonetization of silver in this country. The case for bimetallism, therefore, fails for lack of proof. But there are positive arguments on the other side sufficient to dispel all apprehension of "the bare and jagged rocks of gold monometallism" which have so affected the imagination of President F. A. Walker. These, however, we will not rehearse. We have said enough to show our readers that in this little essay Prof. Taussig has furnished the materials not only for a complete understanding of the present silver situation, but also for a sufficient estimate of the bimetallic theory. The book deserves to be read by the learned as well as the ignorant, and the times should insure it the widest circulation.

The Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance. By John Owen. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893. Pp. xvii, 420.

Mr. Owen has chosen a first-rate subject, and he has succeeded, in spite of limitations to which we shall refer hereafter, in producing a noteworthy book. The Renaissance is a period which has been treated from many points of view, and yet we cannot feel that any writer has exhausted its interest or summed up its significance. Indeed, the importance of that period cannot be overestimated. In antiquity mankind emerged from barbarism to civilization, as a child emerges from ignorance and becomes an educated man; but after the age of Attic and Latin culture, mankind receded into a condition of semi-barbarism, which lasted for many hundred years. Then followed a reawakening, a genuine new birth of culture and civilization. This is an experience for which no parallel can be found in the case of individual men. It suggests that the progress of the race is not uniform and regular, but fluctuating, and that the tide of reaction may flow far back towards ignorance. That a Renaissance should have been needed is one of the most startling facts in human development.

What were the conditions from which the race had to emancipate itself, and what the means by which it won freedom? The answer to these questions varies according to the estimate which each historian puts on the several phases of the Renaissance. Mr. Owen is right, we believe, in studying the Renaissance not merely as the period when the study of antiquity was revived, or as an æsthetic efflorescence, or as a readjustment of theological, political, or philosophical standards; he regards it as the period when men once more sought for truth. Dogma, tradition, superstition during nearly a thousand years had reduced the human mind to a state in which advance was almost impossible; in which fantastic notions passed for science, knowledge was a matter of quibble, and religion an unspiritualized routine. In the Renaissance, men came once more to use their reason. So Mr. Owen's sceptics are not simply "atheists," or deniers of the conventional creed, or wicked rebels against custom, but they are seekers after truth. Starting with this elemental conception, one possesses a criterion by which to judge the effects of the Renaissance in the domain of thought and religion, of art, politics, and science.

Mr. Owen introduces his subject by an examination of the general causes which led up to the new birth. He shows how commerce and the Crusades, by extending the acquaintance of Italians with the Orient, gave them a standpoint from which to compare their own ideals with those of alien peoples. The crusader, for instance, could not fail to perceive that his Mohammedan enemies, who, according to the narrow assumption of mediæval Christianity, lay beyond the pale of salvation, were usually not inferior to him in public or private virtue. Saladin was more than the peer of any of the Christian sovereigns who fought for the sepulchre of Christ. Mr. Owen well says that "the history of Islamism, taken as a whole, must be regarded as a powerful propaganda of free thought and liberal culture" (p. 64). He traces the influence of Arab philosophy, chiefly through the contact of the Christians with the Saracens in Spain, on Western Christendom. He follows the course of the secularization of literature from the rollicking parodies and naturalistic poems of the Goliards, through the mysteries and moralities, through the productions of troubadours and jongleurs, to the thoroughly unecclesiastical novels of Boccaccio. He shows the threefold reaction against the asceticism, the sacerdotalism, and the dogma of the Church. He might also with profit have indicated how the rise of the spirit of nationality tended to loosen the authority of the Papacy; because, while this feeling for national life did not then result in the establishment of a united Italian nation, it did help to break up the arrogance of the hierarchy, and elsewhere—as in France, England, Bohemia, and Hungary—it asserted itself against both the temporal and the spiritual encroachments of Rome.

Passing from general causes to leaders, Mr. Owen devotes ten pages to Dante, whom he regards as too great a dogmatist to be included in the list of truth-seekers who have contributed to human progress. The very vividness with which Dante painted the terrors of a material Hell, prolonged, Mr. Owen thinks, the belief in the monstrous doctrine of eternal damnation. We cannot agree with this opinion, for we should lay stress upon a spiritual interpretation of the 'Divine Comedy' that makes that epic of the soul as significant to-day as when it was written, although its readers may have outgrown the mediæval superstition concerning Hell and Purgatory. At least, Dante's influence as an intellectual solvent of literary and political thought deserves to be set forth more fully than Mr. Owen has done. To Petrarch, however, he does full justice; and if any scholar still thinks of Petrarch as merely a writer of matchless love-sonnets, he can here be enlightened. For Petrarch is one of those rare men who, like Bacon in the sixteenth century and Goethe in the eighteenth, take all knowledge for their province, and he summed up, better perhaps than either Bacon or Goethe could sum up, the knowledge of his time. It is interesting to note that Mr. Owen agrees with De Sanctis and others in holding that Laura, though at first addressed as the object of sensuous passion, came at last to be transfigured in Petrarch's imagination, as Beatrice was transfigured in Dante's. "Laura, the unattainable object of his youthful aspiration, became the object of other unattained desires, *e. g.*, undoubted Truth, unalloyed happiness" (p. 124). We must pass over Mr. Owen's chapter on Boccaccio, simply remarking that it is excellent, and his criticism of Machiavelli and Guicciardini. These are all men with whose work English-speaking readers are familiar. But Pulci is too little known, and therefore many persons will learn here for the first time his importance as a disseminator of liberal thought. His comic epic, the 'Morgante Maggiore,' resembles 'Don Quixote' in that it contains, under the cloak of playful satire, a profound meaning. Mr. Owen has done well in assigning Pulci to a high place among the sceptics of the Renaissance.

More than half of the book is taken up with the three thinkers who best represent the philosophical thought of the Renaissance. These are Pomponazzi, Giordano Bruno, and Vannini. The achievements of these men have been almost wholly neglected until this century, owing to the Catholic reaction in Italy, which suppressed their works, and to the fact that the movement in which they were pioneers was taken up in France, Germany, and England, whereby later men have inherited renown which belonged by right to them. Pomponazzi, as Mr. Owen shows, was the first to set up ethics, in opposition to the mandates of supernatural religion, as the guide of conduct. His discussions on the immortality of the soul have now perhaps a greater value his-

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torically than essentially, but no one will dissent from such a proposition as this: "Whether the soul be mortal or immortal, death must be despised; and by no means must virtue be departed from, no matter what happens after death" (p. 201). The account here given of Bruno is superior to any other in English, and, if space permitted, we should like to examine it in detail. Of Vannini, too, we have an adequate description. He was by no means so noteworthy a thinker as Bruno, but many pregnant sentences—*e. g.*, "Miracles mark the youth and old age of a religion, not its mature vigor," or, "Evil is the result, not of supernatural and spiritual, but of physical causes" (p. 387)—establish his claim to our thoughtful consideration; and his early martyrdom for his opinions insures him our sympathy.

We spoke above of Mr. Owen's limitations: these are in the form rather than in the substance of his work. He knows thoroughly the literature of his subject; he selects wisely, and presents many admirable suggestions of his own; but he has chosen to intersperse his essays with dialogues in which two women and three men discuss not only the subject in hand but almost everything under the sun. This mixture of conversation and history is a mongrel; we despise mongrels of all kinds. In a second edition (and the merit of the book ought to carry it beyond one edition), we hope to see that these dialogues have been omitted, and that the body of the work has been somewhat trimmed; and further, that the innumerable misprints have been corrected. Thus improved, it ought to have a wide reading, for Mr. Owen is more profound than Symonds and more personal than Burckhardt.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Arnold, M. Sohrab and Rustum. American Book Co. 20 cents.
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Burdett-Coutts, Baroness: A Sketch of her Public Life and Work. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 75 cents.
Fuller, Edward. The Complaining Millions of Men. Harpers. $1.25.
Goodale, Frances A. The Literature of Philanthropy. Harpers. $1.
Graduate Courses. Boston: Ginn & Co. 55 cents.
Musset, A. de. Frédéric et Bernerette. Paris: Lemerre; New York: Amblard & Meyer. 60 cents.
Remsburgh, J. B. Was Lincoln a Christian? *Truth Seeker* Co. 50 cents.
Richberg, E. O. R. Bunker Hill to Chicago. Chicago: Dibble Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Swinton, W. School History of the United States. American Book Co. 90 cents.
Tainsh, E. C. A Study of the Works of Tennyson. New ed. Macmillan. $1.75.
Tarducci, Francesco. John and Sebastian Cabot. Detroit: H. F. Brownson. $2.50.
The *Critic*, Jan.-June, 1893. *Critic* Co.
Tout, Prof. T. F. Edward the First. [Twelve English Statesmen.] Macmillan. 60 cents.
Warden, Florence. A Terrible Family. International News Co. 50 cents.
Warner, C. D. The Work of Washington Irving. Harpers. 50 cents.

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[Continued from page iii.]

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